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THE CONSTELLATION.

ACIDULATED DROPS.—The statement originally made in this paper respecting the acidulated drops, that they were made of vitriolic or sulphuric acid, and were injurious when used in large quantities, has, we perceive, been contradicted in another paper, and has also drawn forth an ominous hand-bill, in this city, headed "TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD," and offering to pay the same to any person who will prove that the acidulated drops manufactured by the subscriber are acidulated with any other than the tartaric acid. The manufacturer of this hand-bill "thinks it very unjust to condemn all for one," and to this sentiment we would heartily respond. We have taken some pains, therefore, to inform ourselves more particularly as to the ingredients of these drops, and find that they may be, and by some confectioners undoubtedly are, made with the tartaric, and not the sulphuric acid. The Messrs. Stuarts, who have long been known as extensive dealers in confectionary in this city, inform us that the acidulated lemon drops manufactured by them, are made with the tartaric and unadulterated vegetable acids, and that care is taken to avoid the use of copper vessels in mixing the acids with the sugar. For several years past they have made and sold many thousand pounds of this article a year, and they state that they have never had any complaints of their proving injurious. How far the tartaric acid may be injurious, or in what quantity the drops acidulated with it may be taken without injury to the system, we must leave for the medical profession to determine. We may add, however, that the effect produced by the drops generally known as acidulated drops, has in many instances, to our own knowledge, been such as we have before described, but whether it be produced by tartaric or sulphuric acid, or whether the deleterious effect in these instances has arisen from the acids coming in contact with copper in the preparation of the drops, is more than we can say—here is an effect, and it certainly must have a cause.

D.

"What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish—like smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell."

These words of the immortal bard rose fresh to our mind, as we were taking our accustomed walk a few mornings since on the Battery. We beheld, a few rods distant from the shore, a huge mass lying motionless on the water, white as the riven snow, with a pair of large black fins, which seemed like sails set to the breeze. Reader, it was a whale—dead as a ducat—and towed into our harbor by a crew of enterprising seamen, who had despatched him somewhere off Sandy Hook. It was not only a whale, but a whale of the "right kind," and it is calculated will yield some fifty or sixty barrels of oil. Nor is this the only profit likely to arise from the capture of this marine monster. We perceive by the papers that he is to be exhibited for a few days at Castle Garden for a moderate fee—thousands will flock to see so great a curiosity, and thus reward the enterprise of the New-England boys. The present is, we understand, the largest specimen of the whale ever exhibited in this city, measuring full sixty feet in length, and weighing upwards of one hundred tons.

D.

The following article, selected by our "Book-worm" correspondent, cannot fail to be relished by the admirers of the great musical composer:

ROSSINI.

The professional career of Rossini has not always been *couleur de rose*. The strings of his destiny were not always golden ones, nor was the science of sound continually that of harmony to the ears of the great Master. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* had a singular fate on its earliest representations at the Theatre d'Argentine at Rome, where it was produced in 1816. A variety of unlucky accidents attended the first performance. Conscious of the merits of the piece, and sensible of the high support promised by the ability of the actors, the elated composer assumed a prominent position in the orchestra; and that he might not be confounded in the eyes of the audience with the vulgar mass of *symphoniaci*, he had invested himself with a vermilion-colored coat—a garb which,

however it might dazzle the eyes of some, produced the most discordant laughter in others, and sadly deranged the effect of the overture. The poor maestro's features became identified with the colour of his habit. The part of *Almaviva* having been assigned to Garcia, as he attempted to commence the serenade, the various chords of his guitar, with an unanimity somewhat remarkable, suddenly snapped, and hisses pursued the unhappy minstrel as he fled the stage. The nerves of the composer were fearfully shaken, and his confidence in his work was gradually lessening, when all his hopes were at once crushed by a luckless adventure that occurred to *Figaro*, in the person of Zamboni, who by some accident or other made a false step as he entered, and, falling upon his face, struck the most prominent feature of it so violently, as to produce from it a crimson stream. Forgetful in his terror, of his handkerchief, Zamboni hurriedly applied the skirts of his dress to stop the blushing torrent, while shouts of laughter spoke more the fastidious taste, than the humanity, of the audience. In the confusion that ensued, the humbled but indignant *compositore* fled the theatre, while the opera was terminated amidst signs of contempt and disapprobation. The pride of Rossini was humbled; all his better hopes were destroyed. Could he have withdrawn the piece, he would have been comparatively happy; but it was necessary that it should undergo a renewed ordeal on the succeeding evening. Well aware of the violent passions of a Roman audience, and the uncomplimentary mode of giving them expression, when the fatal hour approached he locked himself in his chamber. Alone, and trembling for his fame and person, the weary hours of that eventful evening passed by no means pleasantly, until the neighbouring bells sounded the hour of midnight—when a distant rumour, as of numerous voices, reached his ear. He opened his casement with a nervous hand, and it became more distinct each moment, until, at a turning of the street, "Rossini! Rossini!" was vehemently ejaculated. Closing his window in affright, he sank despairing on a seat, until the repetition of the cry at the very door of his dwelling, recalled him to a sense of danger, and the necessity of averting it. Confused murmurs and many steps were heard upon the stairs; "Rossini! Rossini!" was shouted simultaneously with repeated knocks at his chamber door; but Rossini answered not. The outcry and battery became yet more violent, until, to his horror, he heard the portal give way, and "Signore Maestro!" and "Rossini! Rossini!" formed the chorus that accompanied the violation of his domicile. He was not there. "Where could he be?" was the general inquiry, until one of more acute vision than the rest, discerned, beneath the bed, some of the vestimentary appendages of the concealed musician. With a yell of triumph he was dragged forth; "Santa Maria! Signora Compotevole!" ejaculated the affrighted harmonist: when it was announced to him that the performance had redeemed the ill-fortune of the previous evening—that Rome was in ecstasies, and that the audience had adjourned en masse to do honour to *il divino maestro*. They bore him in triumph from his house, amid the blaze of a thousand torches, and the vociferations of *la bocca Romana*. He was carried past balconies, crowded with fair spectators and beaming with lights, to the theatre, where he was crowned upon the stage. The deep silence of old Rome was fearfully profaned, as the multitude subsequently accompanied him to an *osteria*, where a magnificent entertainment had been provided: and morning dawned ere he and his admirers had terminated the orgies of his ovation.

Rossini is an inveterate musician; his whole soul is wrapt in harmony: he thinks, dreams, eats, and drinks music: it is to him what ale was to Boniface, or what Dr. Johnson was to Boswell. It was late at night, in the summer of 1829, that on his way to Italy, a foreigner arrived at the inn *Les Trois Couronnes*, in the lovely town of Vevey, with his *cara sposa*, wearied both by travel and excessive heat of the day. It was the season for the transmigration of the northern hordes to the south, and Money (the master of the hotel) could but afford them his private sitting-room, and a hastily prepared bed to repose on. Supper was ordered, but ere it came, the eye of the guest had fallen on the piano of Madame M. which was, however, locked. In vain Money represented the lateness of the hour—the number of his guests, who had all retired to rest. No excuse would serve, and the peremptory gentleman attained his end. His fingers swept the keys, and the door being opened to let in air, the sound penetrated to every quarter of the hotel. The performer had finished one of the airs of Guillaume Tell, when his attention was called to those around him. This second Orpheus, was encircled by a group composed of persons of various nations; men, women, waiters, ostlers, all night-capped, bonneted, silk-handkerchieved, or uncoifed, were listening to him open-

moued and mute with delight—Swiss, Germans, English, French, and Italians.—"Der Teufel!"—"Superbe! Divin!"—"Who can he be?"—"Eglie e Italiano Sicuramente!" were the cries of his enraptured auditors, in their various tongues. The Ranz des Vache followed—Henri Quatre—Cher bello clima e questo, and "God save the King!" were successively played, and every listener felt prouder of his father land, as he hearkened to that *piano magico*. The police-book next morning bore the name of "Rossini," and explained to all the mystery of the preceding night.

The genius of Rossini is inexhaustible, but his learning is slight. The sweet and flowing melodies of *Tancredi* were produced by him at the age of eighteen, and at once gave evidence of his taste; while all his subsequent compositions, numerous as they are, have the Redgauntlet brand of origin on their foreheads. Flattered, caressed, and feted as he has been, it would be strange were the man not affected by the merits of the author. Elevated rapidly to distinction and public notice, his simple nature was scarcely calculated for the weight of honors with which he has been laden: and vanity and presumption took the place of homelier and homester qualities of character. Yet he is said to be more sensible to reprehension than to adulation, and if his share of the former has been trifling in amount, in two instances it derived a factitious importance from the sources it sprang from. "The Siege of Corinth" was forbidden to be performed on the Venetian stage by Metternich; and his Majesty of Spain (Ferdinand) having been present at the first performance of *Otello* at Madrid, interdicted its repetition on the ground of its immorality. The propriety of a man's taking away the life of his lady, may abstractedly be questionable; but it must be recollected that the Moor was not a Christian, a circumstance that might have pleaded for him with the tender conscience of the most Catholic King.—"Living Musicians," in *Monthly Mag.*

A SEA SKETCH.

"One night, off Madeira, it was blowing hard, when a man called out, 'A strange sail on the weather bow!' I was standing very near him, and answered, 'Very well, I'll report it;' though I saw nothing but what seemed a great black cloud, and proceeded aft to acquaint the first officer with it, who had charge of the watch. I beheld him asleep on the carronade slide; a new feeling awoke in my bosom,—revenge! 'What,' I asked, 'did you stab the fellow, and throw his carcass overboard?' 'Oh, no; it was but a boyish spite; if I were to meet him now, perhaps I might do as you say. I left him asleep, and went down to the captain, whom I awoke with,—'There is a large ship just under our lee-bow!' He started up, saying, 'Where is the officer of the watch?' 'I cannot find him, sir.' 'Not find him?' and up rushed the captain. The officer was sleeping close to the companion ladder; so that, on the captain's putting his foot on the deck, he stood before him, and called out his name. The affrighted sleeper sprang up at the well-known voice of his stern commander. But there was no time to waste in words; it was blowing a hard gale, and the sea running high; the dark and moving mass which, an instant before, I had thought a cloud or land, now in the form of an immense ship dimasted, came driving towards us. Our captain roared out to put the helm down, and turn the hands up; but it seemed too late. A voice, trying to make itself heard through a trumpet, hailed us as from a tower, for so she loomed, as she drifted before the wind, borne on by a gigantic sea, which lifted her above us. The blue lights burning on her forecabin were reflected on our close-reefed topsail. It appeared inevitable that, as she replunged in the deep trough of the sea, in which we lay becalmed by her monstrous hull, we should be crushed or cut in two. Our sails struck against the masts with a thundering sound; and the crew, scrambling up the hatchways in their shirts, but half awake, involuntarily screamed at the sight of the immense ship coming upon us. Panic-struck, we could do nothing; and she, impelled by the fury of the sea and winds, was borne on, rolling and plunging, without sail or mast to steer or steady her. It was a scene that appalled the most hardy; some held out their arms widely, and shrieked; others fell on their knees; and more threw themselves headlong down the hatchways; and though it was but a moment, such a moment makes a boy an old man. A loud and more distinctly heard voice, speaking through a trumpet, again hailed us,—it seemed our death summons,—'Starboard your helm, or we shall run you down!' As the wave was lifting us up, the stranger struck us. There was a frightful crash, then I heard the loud shrieks of our men, and, giving myself up for lost, convulsively gripped hold of the shrouds, and awaited my fate. My eyes were riveted on the stranger; she passed, as I thought, over us, and then lay, like a gigantic rock, immovable, close on our lee-quarter. The gale, unimpeded, again roared among our shrouds, and the sea broke over us. After a horrible pause, the bustle and the noise of the winds, waves, and voices, recalled me to my senses. The

stranger had struck us on our quarter, and carried away our quarter-gallery, stern-boat, and main-boom; nothing more,—and we were safe. The ship again hailed us, and asked our name. She then ordered us to keep close to her during the night, and added that she was his Britannic Majesty's ship, Victory. That night nothing was said to the first officer; but he was put under close arrest. Indeed the panic was so great, that for a long time every one seemed under a spell, and our captain and officers were only recalled to their duty by the frequent night-signals from the Victory, with the roar of her immense guns to enforce attention to them, and to keep us in our station on our lee-quarter; for they feared we should give them the slip during the night. In the morning, when I went on deck, I found we had lost our convoy; and the Victory, still close to us, was making signals for us to take her in tow. For this purpose, as there was more swell than a boat could live in, we veered an empty cask astern, with a rope attached to it, for her to take on board. This done, she fastened hysers, as big as our cables, to the rope; and we hauled them on board over the taffrail, secured them to our mainmast, made all the sail we could carry, and bore up for the island of Madeira. Our situation was most perilous; for, notwithstanding the great length of the hysers by which we were towing, the weight and size of the Victory, then the largest ship in the world, gave us dreadful shocks as we were lifted up trembling on the crest of a wave, and she sunk beneath us in its hollow,—she seemed dragging us stern foremost downward, then again, when we laboured, becalmed in the deep trough, and she was lifted up, she appeared plunging down directly on us. Sometimes the tow-ropes, tho' nearly the size of my body, snapped like rotten twine, and we had again the difficult and dangerous task of getting her tow-ropes on board. Luckily that night the wind abated, or, I think, we should both have foundered. The strain on our ship was so great, that besides the danger of carrying away our main-mast, the seams of our deck opened, and the sea broke over us, sweeping away all before it, and threatened destruction by filling us with water. Our captain hailed the Victory, and represented our danger; the only reply was, 'If you cast off the tow-ropes, we will sink you.' On board the Victory they had eased her by throwing overboard the guns on her upper deck, setting storm-sails on the stumps of her lower masts, and by every means in their power. The next day, the gale was considerably abated, though the sea was still heavy. We brought to a large West India ship bound to Madeira, and she was compelled to take our place. Our captain then went on board the late admiral's ship, when her commander, after reprimanding him for his bad look-out during the night, said he should pass over his conduct in consideration of the service he had done in having been the means of saving to his majesty and his country the most valuable of their ships that bore the triumphant flag of Nelson, and that was then bearing his body.—*Adm. of a Younger Son.*

A very venerable Candle.—A friend who resided for years in Dalkeith informs us, that there is a candle in the possession of a Mr. Walker, of that town, which has been lighted at the coronations of four sovereigns—beginning with George II. and ending with his present majesty William IV. At the last illumination, in honor of royalty, it only blazed for a few minutes, and as its dimensions are still very tolerable, and far from requiring the aid of a save-all, it may figure at coronations yet to come, and descend to a very distant posterity, the great patriarch of the candle race. Though there were, no doubt, tallow chandlers in ancient times, we are not aware that specimens of their art have been discovered among the ruins of Pompeii or Herculaneum; and if we happen to be correct in this surmise, Mrs. Walker of Dalkeith, may safely brag, that she is the owner of the oldest candle in the world.—*Dumfries Cour.*

Remarkable change of locality.—We were almost persuaded, during the winter, that Boston had been transferred to a more northern region, and many persons seriously believed that we passed the last season in Siberia, and not in New England. It seems that there are among our brethren of the South, some of more accurate topographical knowledge, who prefer to locate the city of Boston in a much lower latitude. According to the following direction which we transcribed from the wrapper of a paper, published at Macon, Georgia, and received at the Post Office here, we enjoy all the advantages of a tropical climate:

"To the Slanders of the South,
"In the East Corner of H—I, or,
Boston Transcript." "Boston."

A soldier named Doyle of Company F. 5th U. S. Infantry, at Green Bay, having been reprimanded by Lt. A. B. Foster, for intoxication, seized a musket and fired upon the officer, who was mortally wounded.

A New Orleans paper of 16th, mentions ice from the thickness of a dollar to an inch, just formed.

MISCELLANY.

THE SUITORS.

"Mother! look round thee,
Round thee, and see
All the youths struggling,
Struggling for me.

Pierce is the struggle,
Eager and wild;
Does thy heart gladden?
I am thy child!" *Bohemian Lit.*

SPLENDID MOSAIC PAINTING.*

Accounts received from Naples a few weeks since, mentioned the discovery of an uncommonly fine Mosaic; and we now present to our readers a description of this superior work of art—abridged from a letter published in the *Lead. Lit. Gazette*—*Atlas*.

Immediately on the discovery of this *chef-d'œuvre*, our archaeologists proposed two different hypotheses for an explanation of the subject represented in the picture. Signor Aditi, the director of the royal museum, supposes it to be a combat of the Greeks with the Trojans, and the one in which Sarpidon fell Aveliano and Quaranta, both professors of the museum, are, on the other hand, of opinion that it represents one of the battles between Alexander and the Persians; but they so far differ, that the former considers it to be the battle of the Granicus, the latter that of Issus.

The principal figure is a warrior on horseback, with a flowing robe, the head of Medusa on his breast-plate, and a sword suspended from his belt. Both his arms are encircled with lightning; his head is uncovered, and he appears to have just hurled a lance which has penetrated the body of a youth, who also seems to have been mounted, but the horse, which has been struck by another lance, falls down bleeding, while the dying hero sinks with a convulsive movement and an expression of agony which is beyond description striking. The opinion of those who consider the figure to be Persian is favoured by the covering of his head, which conceals his ears and chin, and by his wearing ear-rings and a necklace. Between the victor and the vanquished are two figures, one with a helmet, the other with his head uncovered and wounded. On the other side are many warriors, with the same head-dress and ear-rings, in disorderly flight. One of them leads a horse by the bridle, which is seen rearing behind him, admirably represented. Another conspicuous figure, with a bow in his hand, wearing a tiara, and clothed in a change, stands in a magnificent quadriga, the horses of which are urged on by the driver with much spirit.

Unhappily this mosaic is not entirely preserved; a portion of the body of the principal figure, that of the victorious horseman, as well as of the horses, is wanting. The entrance, the ornaments, and the armour of the figures, all seem to indicate that they are Persian. If this point is once decided, no doubt can remain that the brilliant warrior is Alexander, particularly as he is armed with the thunderbolt, as it is well known that Apollo so represented him.

The mosaic is twenty palms broad and ten high; the figures are more than half the size of life. The whole composition is wonderfully animated; the perfection and delicacy of the drawing (the more admirable in a mosaic), the truth of the expression which characterises all the figures, make this work one of the finest monuments of Pompeii. It is much to be regretted that this beautiful *chef-d'œuvre* is not in perfect preservation; but even in its present state it is a treasure quite unique in its kind.

P.S.—My letter was just finished, when I received from Professor Zahn, who has resided for above a year at Pompeii, such interesting remarks on this subject, that I cannot delay communicating them to you. He fully agrees with me in the praise I have bestowed on this work, and this praise must have more weight coming from him, because he speaks as a connoisseur, and pronounces this painting to be superior to any mosaic with which we are acquainted.

Professor Zahn was also one of the first who declared this mosaic (which contains above twenty figures almost the size of life) to be a representation of a battle of Alexander with the Persians. He is of opinion that it is the production of the first Greek artists in the most flourishing period of the arts; and that perhaps already at the time of its removal to Pompeii it might be regarded as an antique; for it is well known that the mosaics composed of pieces of marble are of the earlier ages, and that subsequently they were composed of paste; and, secondly, (and this justifies the bold conjecture of its removal hither), it appears that this work was already injured by the lapse of time, when it was removed, perhaps from Greece, in the condition in which it now is, to the place where it was discovered, respecting which the "antique restoration" scarcely leaves a doubt. By this you are not to understand a proper restoration, on which the artists of that time, deterred, perhaps, by the excellence of the work, were afraid to venture; but the defective piece is merely filled up with plaster of Paris, to make the whole one level floor, and keep the parts together.

I will add some particulars, likewise communicated to me by Professor Zahn, respecting this house named

* This large mosaic painting was found in the triclinium of the house named in honour of Goethe, and opened in the presence of his son on the 7th October, 1831, which is also called the House of Faun, from a bronze statue of a faun found in it.

ed after Goethe. Resembling, in its admirable internal arrangements, the house of Pansa, it may be ranked, on account of its perfect architecture, among the finest in Pompeii—besides its being the only one in which such treasures of art in bronze and mosaic have been found. Already, on the 15th October, 1830, there was found a mosaic, with two colossal masks; and on the 27th, in the impluvium, a dancing faun three feet high, belonging to the most beautiful specimens of bronze figures; and on the 10th of December last year, a mosaic, representing a winged Bacchus riding on a panther, which, till this new discovery, was considered the finest of this kind of work of art; besides a great variety of vases, rings, ornaments, coins, &c.

The excavation of this interesting house is continued with great activity, and will be completed in December, at farthest, in Jan. 1832. I must not omit to mention, that a party of Romans and other foreigners celebrated Goethe's birthday in this house on the 28th of August last, and commemorated the event by a medal, with Goethe's bust, and on the reverse, "Goethe, 28th August, 1831: Pompeii."

Some months ago, Professor Zahn discovered near Partici in S. Giovanni, in the Villa Bisaghi, the Street of the Tombs of Herculaneum, which led to Naples. The attention of the Neapolitan government having been thus attracted to the spot, orders have been issued to commence excavations there, which may probably lead to an interesting result, and with little expense, because that part of the suburbs of Herculaneum is not covered with lava, like the town itself, but, like Pompeii, with ashes only. Of another much more important, and very recent, discovery of our active countryman, on another side of the base of Vesuvius I am not yet permitted to speak; but I hope that I shall soon be released from the silence which has been imposed on me.

LIFE OF UGO FOSCOLO.

(Continued.)

Foscolo had never had a fortune. In Italy, the most successful works add little or nothing to a poet's purse. He had lived on his pay as an officer, and now had nothing to expect but a paltry half-py pension from the Austrians whom he abhorred. But in this very interesting part of his narrative, let the biographer speak for himself.

"What then could he do? how could he gain a subsistence without debasing himself? I must not conceal that certain Austrians in authority, more awake than the mass of that nation appears to be, well foreseeing the effect to be produced on the public spirit of the Italians if they could hire Ugo Foscolo as their writer, requested from him the plan of a new Literary Journal, and then offered him the direction of it, with a salary of six thousand francs. He drew out the plan, and I remember that it was founded on extended and liberal principles, but on no conditions would he accept the direction of it. These negotiations naturally produced between him and the estate Ministers that interchange of courtesies used even by the most inveterate enemies. This contact of Foscolo with the foreigners, was interpreted with bitter severity by those who would have wished the Italians to live remote from all intercourse with the Austrians, not less than did the inhabitants of Italy in the ages of the northern invasions of the Vandals and the Lombards.

Foscolo discovered too late that his conduct gave a handle to calumny and scandal. One afternoon I met him, sad and irritated, outside of the 'Porta Orientale' in that avenue of poplar trees, which leads towards Loreto; after walking a long time without uttering a word, he at last broke his silence, saying to me, 'You who are accustomed to tell the truth to friends and to enemies, tell me frankly what do the public say of me?'—'I continue your intercourse with the Austrians,' I replied, 'your enemies will say that you are one of their spies!' These words were like a thunder-bolt. His steps became hurried, his countenance all clouded. He said nothing more. The next day I learned that, without taking leave of his friends, without a passport from the government, without money, he had departed, in disguise, for Switzerland. Rich only in fame, he had the courage to commence life anew, as a wanderer through Europe, already full, at that period, of the aggrieved and the unfortunate. This circumstance, more than any other, proved that he himself was the original of 'Jacopo Ortis,' and his romance became a second time a sad reality."

This exile was every way sadder than those he had before known, and he was destined never to return from it. He found the refuge he sought in Switzerland, of which hospitable country his amiable biographer draws a spirited little picture. He resided for nearly two years at Zurich, where he published his 'Didymus Clerici Hypercalypsoes,' a dull satire, in Latin prose, directed against the critics of his fallen tragedy of 'Ajax,' and the parasites of the fallen government of Buonaparte. The most interesting thing connected with this truly 'fatesca produzione,' (friar-like production) is its dedication, under the feigned name of Julio Richardo Worthio, to Mr. William Stewart Rose, the able translator of Ariosto, the admirer of all that knew him, who, says Count Pecchio, from "his most gentlemanly character, his acquirements and wit, deserved the homage of something more elegant and poetical than this satire."

In the advantages which Switzerland offered to the refugee Foscolo, one, and a very material one, was wanting—it afforded him no opportunity of literary employment and profit, no market for his genius now his only wealth. Some kind friends suggested that

he might find this market in England; and despairing of ever again seeing Italy, he left Zurich for London, where to the honor of our country, he was received with all the respect and sympathy due to his talent, and his political consistency and dignity.

Scarcely was he arrived in London, when he was visited by the most conspicuous characters of England. At Holland House he made the acquaintance of Brougham, Macintosh, Lord John Russell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Jeffrey, Hallam, and other champions of the Whig party. In this brilliant society he grasped the hands of the most celebrated English poets, Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, who told him, 'come del bel numero uno.'"

In the first months after his arrival, he was almost daily at Holland House.

"But Foscolo could not long continue this mode of life. Whoever is acquainted with English society, its formalities, and code of Chinese etiquette, will feel astonished how that society could tolerate him for nearly two years, or how he could tolerate that society. How could his harsh, screaming voice, his mantling gestures, his flashes of anger, accord with the cool, composed, serene manners of the English gentleman of rank, conversing in a low tone of voice, without contradicting, but without ceding? How could he be a tyrant among men that will not be slaves? How could he satisfy his pride with those who are inflexibly haughty? No! He was a heterogeneous body in this society, a very antipode of habits and manners. Much more than our real merit, do our manners render us amiable and agreeable in our commerce with mankind, and common thoughts expressed with grace and lightness afford more pleasure in society than flashes of dazzling genius—and those of Foscolo were lightning flashes with the thunder with them."

What follows is admirable—

"It is, besides, imprudent for a stranger to endeavor to protract too long his presence with the circles of this measureless capital. Every celebrity is here fleeting. A new person is announced, sought after, gazed at as a lion, (and he is also called a lion,) but his apparition should be short. To refresh one's fame in London, to render oneself a new man, it would be necessary, at least every year, to discover a planet, or conquer a world, or write two or three good romances like a Walter Scott. Otherwise, London is the great tomb of celebrities. In this London lie, with a hundred others, the Catalanis, the Rossinis—Napoleon! Here the longevity of a celebrated man does not exceed a twelvemonth. Names and faces beat against and roll over each other as the waves of the sea that surround the island. As a prince succeeds, and causes his predecessor to be forgotten, so here, one man succeeds and supplants another lion. It was, then, high time for Foscolo to retire to his cave. And besides, in the long run, what advantage could he derive from these societies? He consumed his time, (the only money he possessed) and it was incumbent on him to gain an honorable subsistence. His disposition was indolent, and averse to every patronage. Could he who had disdained the diamond-studded yoke of Napoleon, submit to clamp the bit of an obscure Maresca? He retired, therefore, to live with his books, in a remote part of London."

The spot Foscolo chose was South Bank, in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, a spot which, by a whimsical affectation of fashion, certain English writers of the day—who never were, and never will be men of fashion—have delighted to ridicule, but which the elegant Italian, Count Pecchio, with a better taste and feeling for its beauties, compares with these verses in Tasso—

"Tonde il ricco edificio, e nel più chiaro
Giorno di lui, eh' è quasi contro al giorno,
Un giardino vi ha, eh' adorna sopra l'uso
Di quanti più famosi sinqui fiorirono."

"But," continues his biographer, "when I visited Foscolo in this retreat, in the spring of 1832, the Park was scarcely sketched out; and this place was almost a solitude, sprinkled here and there with small houses, like the cells of cenobites. I recollect that on first seeing that thick and lazy water of the canal, on which no objects float, save black coal-barges, I said to Foscolo, 'The Author of "The Sepulchres" has done well to choose his habitation in the shores of Acheron.' But when I saw the three girls who served him, I added, 'but the Author of "The Sepulchres" has better taste than old Pluto; instead of the three Parcs, he lives with the three Graces.' And, in fact, those three young girls were so pretty and graceful, that it appeared that Foscolo, like a new Pygmalion, after describing the Graces in his Hymn had given them life and animation. I often used with him the language of Mythology, because I knew he liked it. I spoke with him like a Greek of two thousand years ago resuscitated among us; and out of courtesy, I continue also in these memoirs to be prodigal of mythological imagery. Let this plead my excuse with my friends of the romantic school."

This is the very playfulness of wit; but the sober reader will scarcely avoid a smile and a sigh at this literary retirement, and at the idea that Foscolo, who could scarcely keep himself, should have undertaken the support of "three Graces." They did more than cost him money—they cost him a horsewhipping and a risk of his life. A Mr. Graham, who had acted some time as his secretary and translator, became at once desirous of sacrificing to one of the Graces—and the poor poet was jealous of all three. A quarrel, an assault by Graham, and a duel, were the consequences. Ugo Foscolo stood his rival's fire with becoming intrepidity; for himself he fired in the air,

protesting it was beneath him to aim at such a person as Graham; and the duel was ended by the seconds, in a manner about as satisfactory as such things generally are."

Foscolo employed himself in his cottage at South Bank in writing articles for some of our most respectable periodical publications, for each of which, as Pecchio observes, he could obtain four or five times more money than the great Monti had been able to acquire in Italy by his immortal poem, the "Basvilliana," or than Foscolo himself had gained by his "Jacopo Ortis;" an employment by which, as his biographer also adds, he might have led a decent and comfortable life in England had he known how to keep the balance between the *dare* and the *avere*; "but Foscolo, as we shall see, was ignorant of the science of finance, and lived after the fashion of thoughtless governments before the institution of representative bodies, who always made their expenses exceed their ordinary revenues."

The articles for the English reviews were for money—for fame, as he fancied, Foscolo continued on the banks of the Regent's Canal the version of the "Iliad" which he had begun at Eretria. Of this translation, Pecchio thinks, he completed eleven books; but he never published more than two, the first and the third, which his biographer describes as energetic, faithful, and poetical.

In 1830, Foscolo published in London his tragedy of "Ricciarda," with a dedication to Lord John Russell in this verse of Tibullus—

"Hoc tibi. Non tunc carere mihi nomine charts."

Shortly after, he brought forth his "Essay on Petrarch," the most beautiful work he produced during his emigration in England.

In 1833, by the advice of Lady Dacre, Foscolo undertook to give a course of lectures on Italian literature. By her exertions, united to those of Mr. William Stewart Rose, and some other distinguished literary characters and friends, a very numerous and highly cultivated audience was assembled; and a thousand pounds were put into the pockets of Foscolo, who was penniless before he gave these lectures, and who had never in the whole course of his life been in possession of any thing like such a sum. (Here I must again find room for Pecchio's admirable description and reflections.)

"But, alas! what is human nature! That which ought to be our fortune often produces our ruin. Thus was it to Foscolo with this money. Awakening in the morning rich, *all'impensata*, as it by a miracle of Hadlin's lamp, these very riches were the origin of his future misfortunes, just as it happens so frequently in the tales of the Thousand-and-one Nights, to those who suddenly bound from poverty to opulence. This money dazzled him, heated his brain—and among the many castles in the air he began to build, he took it into his head to purchase a piece of ground near to the cottage where he resided, and to build on it a much larger house than the one he occupied, and to surround it with a spacious garden. And not only this, but seeing that the English speculated in houses, he undertook to build another house in the neighbourhood, which he was to let. When, on my return from Spain in August, 1833, I went to visit him, I found him lodged in his new cottage with all the luxury of a *Premier-general*, promenading upon beautiful Flanders carpets, with furniture of the rarest woods; with statues in his hall; with a hot-house full of exotic and costly flowers, and still served by the three Graces (I believe, still more expensive than every thing else.) I was struck with astonishment: I could not account for this theatrical change; it seemed to me a dream. I said to myself, Ugo Foscolo has followed the example of Dr. Faustus, he certainly must have made a bargain with the devil Mephistopheles. It cannot be denied, however, that he has good taste, and if he is not rich he deserves to be so; if all that I see is only a vision, certes he merits the reality! But too truly it was all a vision! Little or nothing of what I saw was paid for, every thing belonged to his creditors; it was the palace of King Theodore, tapestried with *paghiera*, or 'I promise to pay.'"

Having no arms to place over his gateway, Foscolo had put up the word "Digamma," on which Greek word he had written a learned dissertation, and gained as he thought, a literary trophy. The "Digamma cottage" was Foscolo's *Bienheim*; but the name did not strike the apprehension of the ruralizing cockneys on their Sunday walks, accustomed to read as they go in that neighbourhood such intelligible inscriptions as "Ivy Cottage," "Primrose Cottage," &c. &c. The most puzzling style was "Benvenue," and as that was over the door of a little cottage also in South Bank, and signified a mountain in Scotland, they may have supposed "Digamma" the name of some other mountain "far abroad."

"Foscolo," says Pecchio, "soon began to perceive that it is greater madness to build a house on earth without money, than to build castles in the air." His creditors became importunate, and the thoughtless poet was obliged to abandon his Digamma cottage, his flowers, the three Graces, "ed ogni cosa piu cara." He hid himself in a second floor "of one of the hundred thousand houses that compose London;" but even in this vast labyrinth he was not safe from creditors.

"It is worth while remarking, that this adversary of Foscolo, two years afterwards, was killed in a duel in America by another enemy, 'less romantically generous' than the poet."

"Monti," says Count Pecchio, in a note, "once told me that he had sold the MS. of the 'Basvilliana' for twenty Louis. Alessandro Manzoni gained still less by his tragedy, 'Il Conte di Carmagnola.'"

and bailiffs, and he was often obliged to conceal his name and change the place of his abode. From this time, his poetry was at an end.

He was in this state, with his pockets empty, with his head full of accounts, and lawyers' letters, and dishonoured bills, instead of verses, and his heart freezing with despondence, when Mr. Pickering, the bookseller, engaged him to edit the four great Italian classics—Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, and Tasso. This labour he was to complete in two years, and to receive six hundred pounds for it. Many men would have done the work and drawn the money without any very great expense of fatigue, but poor Foscolo even now loved fame better than money, and he was endowed, moreover, with what we may call great literary conscience. He spent months on the critical discourse prefixed to the "Decameron" (the first of the four he undertook); and as to the prelude, and his notes to the "Divina Comedia," there seemed no end to them. He, however, worked hard. The following passage I translate from Picchio for more reasons than one:

"Meanwhile, under this unremitted labour, and these numerous causes of anxiety, his health gradually declined. Every day he grew thinner, and a disposition to dropsy, the consequence of an affection of the liver, which had long afflicted him, began to show itself. Comforted by three or four friends, who alone visited him during the last two years of his life, he divided his time between them and his books, scarcely ever going out of the house. And yet the undertaking did not advance so rapidly as his bookseller wished. Accustomed as are the booksellers of London to order a book as they would a piece of cloth—a pair of boots, Foscolo's publisher could not understand how so much reading, so much meditation, such correcting and polishing of the style, were required for a commentary on Dante, when in England there are authors that importune to the day whatever work the booksellers choose—(God knows what these works are when done.) So he was every day in Foscolo's rooms, goading his sides—driving him on, as the ploughman does his ox when tilling. If Foscolo had escaped from his creditors for money, he had fallen into the hands of a not less exacting creditor of thoughts. But thoughts are no less rare and backward than money; if they gushed out like the waters of the fountain, they would also be as cheap as water."

We are now drawing rapidly towards the close of the stormy life of one who was indisputably a man of the highest genius. He had, several times before, tried the quiet of the suburbs of our great metropolis—his last retreat was the neat little house at Turnham Green, mentioned in the introduction to these notices.

Here he passed the last moments of his life, studying, philosophizing, and conversing with the few friends who in his adverse fortune frequented him with more love than ever. With the exception of one or two Englishmen, the others were exiles like himself, who cheered him in his hours of repose, and surrounded his bed during the last days of his malady. One among these visited him almost every day—the Canon Riego, brother of the General of the same name, the hero and martyr of the last Spanish revolution. This most excellent and virtuous priest was enamoured of the friendly and energetic soul of Foscolo. Every time that I spoke to him of his friend, he answered with emotion, that whatever might be certain persons' opinion about Foscolo, in two years of continual and most intimate intercourse, he never saw any thing but generosity in his actions—he never heard any thing fall from his mouth but moral and patriotic sentiments—he never found him busied on any thing but his literary labours. Meanwhile the malady increased, until being no longer able to sit up in his room, he took to his bed—from which he never rose more! His danger was then announced; and at this sad news all his old friends, who from forgetfulness or incompatibility of character had not seen him for many years, with that truly English generosity, even towards a foe who is falling, emulated each other in actively sending to inquire after him, and to offer him every assistance. Still fresh the shame excited by the abandonment and poverty in which the illustrious Sheridan had been left to die in London, all those noblemen who had appreciated the genius of Foscolo were this time more than ever prompt to run to his assistance. The friends who attended on him accepted only the slight sum of fifty pounds, which sufficed to pay the rent of the house and his humble funeral. And, let it be said, in honour of the English nobility, they took more interest, and showed more generosity towards Foscolo, an exile, a foreigner, than his fellow-countrymen allowed to Parini, when he died at home among them! In friendly emulation with each other, they all sent him presents. Lord Holland offered his most precious wines, the Duke of Devonshire his rarest game; but the courtesy most deserving of notice is that of the proscribed wanderer, the good Canon Riego, who prodigalized every species of care and gentle attention. For this, on the 2nd of August, Foscolo wrote him (in English) a friendly letter, which, on the brink of the grave, he impressed with the independence of his soul.

In this note, which equally bears the impression of the deepest gratitude and most fervid friendship, Foscolo acknowledges the receipt of some books, biscuits, &c. from the generous Spaniard, but begs him to send nothing more. He speaks of the rapid increase of the dropsy—of Dr. Holland's visit, and the approaching operation of tapping. He begs most earnestly that the Canon will recur to no living soul, be it man or woman, for further assistance for him.

On the 10th of October, 1827, the morning of

the day on which he died, he received the visit of an illustrious personage—his countryman, the Count Capo d'Istria, who was at that time in London, on the point of departing to assume the charge of President in Greece: an homage of friendship and esteem which that personage was anxious to render to the most conspicuous literary character among the modern Greeks. But Foscolo, already stupified by his disease, could no longer feel the comfort of that tribute of touching respect.

"Had Foscolo died with less courage and stoicism, he might have been taxed as with a rhodomontade in life, for that contempt and invoking of death he was continually heard to make. He died as he had lived.

Of his memory, of his character, what remains to be said? When Italy shall awaken to her former self, the name of Foscolo will be one that, of all in these later times, she will cherish with the most jealous homage and the most forgiving affection. Amidst his errors, his eccentricities, and his vices, a stern and high independence of soul, a deep and religious, though often a intellectual, love for what is great and noble in this common world, fingered with him to the last; sometimes (though by uneven and fiery starts) exalting him beyond his frailties, and more often, at least, redeeming them. He was one of those wild and portentous characters that blaze forth from time to time, at once the produce and the type of great political changes. Of the same large mould of mind as Byron and Goethe, he possessed the passions of the first without the deep and felicitous wisdom of the last. Hereafter, he will be regarded, not alone, but in connexion with his age; and will receive a pardon for his waywardness and impetuosities by the same just rule which obliges us now to extend our indulgence to the servility of Racine and the duplicity of Machiavel.

His funeral was quiet and modest, as suited his circumstances: followed by five friends, his body was interred in the neighbouring churchyard of Chiswick—thus verifying what he had predicted to his native island of Zante, even in his youth—

"To non altro che il canto avrai del figlio,
O cenera tua torrà: a noi presiede
Il fato, il lacrimata sepoltura."

MERCANTILE LIFE.

The life of a merchant is, necessarily, a life of peril. He can scarcely move without danger. He is beset on all sides with disappointments, with fluctuations in the current of business, which sometimes leave him stranded on an unknown bar, and sometimes sweep him helpless into the ocean. These vicissitudes depend on causes which no man can control; and are often so sudden, that no calculation could anticipate, or skill avoid them. To risk much, to be exposed to hazards, belongs to the vocation of a merchant; his usefulness and success depend, in many cases, on his enterprise. He must have courage to explore new regions of commerce, and encounter the difficulties of untried experiments. To be unfortunate in such pursuits is no more disgraceful to an upright trader, than to fall in the field of battle is dishonourable to the soldier, or defeat to a General who has done all that valor and skill could achieve to obtain the victory. Very different is the case of one who with but little of his own to jeopard, commences business on a system of commercial gambling, and makes his desperate throws at the risk of others: who embarks in rash and senseless adventures, condemned by common sense as by honesty; and when they end in a total wreck, looks his abused creditors coolly in the face, and offers them a list of bad debts, and an inventory of worthless goods, provided they will release and discharge him for ever from their claims. * * * Our traders must not consider themselves, or allow others to consider them, as petty traffickers for petty gains by all advantages: but as *merchants*, in the fullest and most honourable sense of the term; as the men by whom the great operations of the world are sustained, by whom the intercourse of the human family, however scattered and remote, is kept up; as the instruments of civilization and intellectual improvement; as the agents to distribute the comforts and luxuries of life over the whole surface of the globe. By them the whole race of man, of every variety of complexion and character, and wheresoever they may inhabit, are brought together, and taught to know each other and to aid each other. They are the peacemakers of the world, for they show it to be the interest and happiness of all to remain at peace; and they demonstrate that it is easier to obtain the good things we may desire by commerce than by conquest; by exchange, than by arms. They soften national asperities and remove unjust prejudices. Such high functions cannot be performed by ordinary men; and those who do perform them faithfully are the noblest benefactors of mankind.—*Ingersol.*

A NIGHT ON THE NIGER.

From the *Lauders' Travels*: unpublished.

We made no stop whatever on the river, not even at meal-times, our men suffering the canoe to glide down with the stream while they were eating their food. At five in the afternoon they all complained of fatigue, and we looked around us for a landing-place, where we might rest awhile, but we could find none, for every village which we saw after that hour was unfortunately situated behind large thick morasses and sloughy bogs, through which, after various provoking and tedious trials, we found it impossible to penetrate. We were employed three hours in the afternoon in endeavouring to find a landing at some village, and though we saw them distinctly enough from the water

we could not find a passage through the morasses, behind which they lay. Therefore we were compelled to relinquish the attempt, and continue our course on the Niger. We passed several beautiful islands in the course of the day, all cultivated and inhabited, but low and flat. The width of the river appeared to vary considerably, sometimes it seemed to be two or three miles across, and at others double that width. The current drifted us along very rapidly, and we guessed it to be running at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The direction of the stream continued nearly east. The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most heavenly hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless, the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokened a coming storm; the wind whistled through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere, we cared not where, and to endeavor to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted suddenly and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually, and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously. But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable-looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus*, and others danced about we know not how. But what was more vexatious than all, after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full half hour against the current, which in this little channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village from which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, the sound of the people's voices ceased or a sudden, and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot, we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut,—all was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; every thing was as visionary as 'sceptres grasped in sleep.' We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land could any where be discovered which was firm enough to bear our weight. Therefore, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fatigued with the labours of the day to work any longer. But here a fresh evil arose which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came plunging, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never in all their lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us, that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us, that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them. There were two Bornou men among our crew who were not so frightened as the rest, having seen some of these creatures before on Lake Tchad, where, they say, there are plenty of them. However, the terrible hippopotami did us no kind of mischief whatever; they were only sporting and wallowing in the river for their own amusement, no doubt, at first when we interrupted them; but had they upset our canoe, we should have paid dearly for it. We observed a bank on the north side of the river shortly after this, and I proposed halting on it for the night, for I wished much to put my foot on firm land again. This, however, not one of the crew would consent to, saying, that if the Gewo Roua, or water elephant, did not kill them, the crocodiles certainly would do so before the morning, and I thought afterwards that we might have been carried off like the Cumbrie people on the islands near Yaorie, if we had tried the experiment. Our canoe is only large enough to hold us all when sitting, so that we have no chance of lying down. Had we been able to muster up thirty thousand cowries at Rabba, we might have purchased one which would have carried us all very comfortably. A canoe of this sort would have served us for living in entirely, we should have had no

occasion to land excepting to obtain our provisions; and having performed our day's journey, might have anchored fearlessly at night. Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night.

VERSES TO A LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

We'll quarrel not with Time to-day;
Thou art too young the elf to mind
Who steals thy girlish years away,
And leaves a woman's charm behind.
And I, though dealt with more severely,
About his thefts won't make a pother.
Who's schooled my heart to love thee dearly,
Yet love thee only as a brother.

And now, while I cannot help thinking
Life's perils did in number grow,
When first those dangerous eyes were winking
Upon eighteen years ago,
I own, sweet Cox, in candid dealing,
Though safer—it had darker seemed,
If all their intellect and feeling
Upon the world had never beamed.

April 2d.

N. Y. Amer.

A KING ON FOOT.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The King of the French it appears was lately nearly run over by a cabriolet. From articles in the Paris papers it seems that the person driving was arrested, as having been guilty of an attempt upon the life of the King.

We have announced that the Viscount Albert Berthier de Sauvigny had been sent to Sainte Pelagie on a warrant accusing him of a personal attack on the King. It appears, however, to be clear that the Viscount twice called out, and at length pulled up his horse with so much force that he threw him upon his haunches, and thus prevented the horse or cabriolet from even touching the King. To-day (Saturday) he was conducted from the prison, first to his private dwelling in the rue de l'Oratoire, and afterwards to his office in the Place de la Bourse, where nothing to incriminate him was found.—*Gazette de France.*

The arrest of the person driving the cabriolet, which was so near Louis Philippe, has given rise to some reflections, which are not without importance. It is suggested whether it would not be better for the head of the Government, when he goes out, to go in a carriage, rather than expose every one to the charge of having made "an attempt upon the person and life of the King,"—a capital crime!—The Duke of Berry returning home on foot one day, was grazed by a carriage. M. de Nantouillet, who was with him, said, "this will prove to you, Monsieur, that you ought not to go out on foot." "No," replied the Prince, "it will only teach me, when I am in a carriage to think of those on foot, and when I am on foot to look out for carriages."—*ib.*, Feb. 29th.

POLISH LITERATURE.—A work is shortly to appear at Lemberg, entitled *Lexicon of the Polish Literature*, by Ignaz Chodnicki, sub-prior of the Carmelite convent at Lemberg. It is arranged alphabetically, in three volumes octavo, and contains brief memoirs of the most celebrated Polish classical writers, poets, orators, philosophers, mathematicians, astronomers, physicians, surgeons, theologians, jurists, politicians, historians, philologists, writers on statistics, and many other celebrated characters; from the introduction of Christianity and civilization in the country to the present time; together with an accurate statement of their productions, both published and in MSS., with a critical review of the most important of their writings.

PLANS FOR MORAL AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.—We find the following in the Camden Journal:—whether the suggestion originates there we know not. "It is stated in the New York Gazette that a meeting of respectable young ladies was about to be held, in that city, for the purpose of devising some plan for the improvement of the morals and habits of the 'young gentlemen.' There is no fathoming the benevolence of the present age. If these beautiful philanthropists have really at heart the improvement of the benighted young men, they had better make their efforts individually. Let them visit every one these abodes of wretchedness and—take a clergyman with them."

PROXIMITY.—The Duke of Gloucester lately being in earnest conversation with Lord Brougham on the subject of reform, grew so warm in the argument, that he observed hastily, the Chancellor was very near a foot. Brougham replied, that he could not think of contradicting the duke, and declared that he fully saw his royal highness's position.—*Fig. in London.*

"WOMAN."—[A toast given at Athens, Ga. on the 22d ult.]—The centre and circumference, radius, diameter and periphery, segment and semi-circle, sine and tangent of all our affections—Can two circles have the same centre and components, and yet not coincide? Vide Plafair! (20 cheers.)

A WESTERN STEAMBOAT.—A Kentucky steamboat captain, commending his craft, said—"She trots off like a horse—all boiler—full of pressure; its hard work to hold her in at the wharves and landings. I could run her up a cataract. She draws eight inches of water; goes at three knots a minute, and jumps all the snags and sand bars!"—*N. O. paper.*

CRYING CHILDREN.—"I like a child that cries," said the Abbe Morellet. "Why?" "Because then it is taken away."—*Le Libre des Confessions.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1832.

CONVENIENCE OF A BELL.

MR. EDITOR,—I am somewhat of a particular man, for a married one; and like civil and punctual attendance from servants, and all such persons as one is obliged to have about him, unless he would do every thing with his own hands—which is perhaps the only way to have them well done. Though a married man, as I just hinted, I do not keep house, but hire my own and my wife's board at the Widow Swatchum's. I patronize her, partly because she is a widow, (though, between you and me, my wife says this is no good reason) and partly because, being once fixed, I have a mortal dislike to change.

For a long time we had no bell to our room; and whenever we wanted any thing, we were obliged to exert our lungs in calling and bawling for Sambo, Cato, Betty, Judy, or whoever the servant happened to be, whose business it was to give us attendance. But as my dear wife could raise the eight or nine notes better than I, she having a sweet *soprano* voice, I used mostly to put it upon her to do the calling and bawling. We got along very tolerably in this way; but my better half used to complain bitterly that her lungs were worn out, and her throat made sore daily, by this most uncomfortable calling and bawling. The servants could not hear at the first time speaking; and required to be called again and again. This was not only injurious to the throat and the lungs, but it was insufferably vexatious; and though we had endured it for two or three years, my wife said she positively could not endure it any longer; and that if the Widow Swatchum did not provide our room with a bell, she would not stay there another week.

The Widow was notified of this resolution; and declared, with many professions of regard, that she could not think of parting with such excellent boarders as we, merely for the want of a bell; and concluded by assuring us that we should forthwith be accommodated to our wishes. Well, Mr. Editor, in the course of six or eight weeks the promised bell was established. Now, said my wife, we'll spare our lungs; we'll ring for what we want. Accordingly she continued to want something forthwith, and seizing hold of the bell-knob, she made all ring again. Up came Cato in a giffy.

"Does Missus Smith want any ting?"
"Yes, Cato, I want some coal."
"Bery wal—I fetch 'em right away."
"And, do you hear? don't keep us waiting an hour, as you used to before we had the bell."

"No, ma'am." Away went Cato; and my wife looking at me with a satisfied smile, said, "Now, Mr. Smith, we shall be attended to—we shall have things when we want them."

"I hope so, my dear," I replied. Pretty soon Cato appeared with the coal; and I began to congratulate myself, that my wife's lungs would now indeed be spared; and that in fact we should have no more trouble for want of punctual attendance. But how easy a thing it is to calculate too largely, and of course to be mistaken in the result!

Many days had not passed, before the servants began to be as deaf to the bell, as they had formerly been to our calling and bawling; and though our lungs were spared, our temper was not in the least sweetened.

"Strange!" said my wife, "that neither bell nor bawling will do;" and applying her hand once more, she rang more vigorously than ever. But all would not do.

"You do not ring hard enough, my dear," said I—and seizing the knob myself, I made the whole premises ring, from cellar to garret. "Now," said I, well pleased with my very masculine efforts, "I guess they'll hear." We waited patiently for half an hour, and then I rang again more violently than before. I began to be in a passion now. But it was of no use—I was obliged to ring again and again—and I did it with a vengeance.

"My dear, don't pull the house down, I beg of you," said my dear wife, for she saw that I was in a terrible rage.

"Confound the house!" said I, "and all that's in it—the present company excepted—may the devil!"

Just as I had got to this point, in popt Cato—and as if he had then heard the bell for the first time, said with wonderful civility—

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes, you rascal, I did ring half a dozen times—and my wife rang—and we both rang, you rascal—and I'll make your ears ring too, you scoundrel!" Then seizing the tongs, I hurried then with all vengeance at Cato's head, as he stood nearly frightened to death in the doorway. The two legs of the tongs separated as they went, and the fork thereof caught

the nigger just across the under lip, and he thought he was dead. I thought so too; and my wife had the same opinion. "Confound the nigger!" said I—"I believe I've killed him." "I'm afraid you have," said my wife, and began to wring her hands in great consternation.

"It's all owing to that bell," said I.

"I wish 'twas away again," replied she.

"I wish the devil!"

Just at that moment, Cato, who in fact was not dead, but sadly bruised in the under lip, began to recover.

"What!" said I, recovering myself also, and putting the best face I could upon the matter—"an't you dead yet, Cato?"

"No, sir—did you ring?"

This was too provoking. I felt all my wrath returning in a moment. I seized the poker—and I verily believe there would have been an end of Cato, had not my wife arrested my arm.

"Don't kill the poor creature," said she; "it's all the Widow Swatchum's fault—the servants wouldn't be so inattentive, if she didn't encourage them in it."

I had the same opinion myself; but how was I to prove it? Nevertheless I set down the poker, and addressing myself to Cato—

"You rascal," said I, "why don't you come when I first ring?"

"I do, Missus Smith," said the lying varlet—"I come soon ever I hear the bell."

"Didn't you hear us ring half a dozen times?"

"No, Missus Smith, as true as I'm alive—"

"True as you're alive!—don't stand there lying!"

"I no lie here standin, Missus Smith—I—"

"Get out of the room, and never show—but stop, come back here. Who taught you to lie?"

"I always obeys Missus, Sir?"

"She taught you to lie, then?"

"I always does what she tells me."

"Well, now do what I tell you—and give my compliments to your mistress, and tell her I wish to see her."

Away went Cato, and presently the Widow Swatchum made her appearance, smiling, as they say in the country, like a basket of chips. "I hope you find your bell a great convenience," said she.

"Why, yes, very great," said my wife, who seemed resolved I should not talk more than was necessary with the widow—"A very great convenience indeed, Mrs. Swatchum—we can ring—"

"Ay," said I, interrupting her—"we can ring and ring till doomsday, without ever being attended to."

"Not attended to?" exclaimed the Widow Swatchum in apparent surprise.

"It is more than an hour," said my wife, "since we rang for some water."

"And you hav'n't got it yet?" returned the widow—"but then there never was any body so plagued with their servants as I am. I've a great mind to break up house-keeping this very day."

"You had better do it this very hour," said I.

My wife smiled—she never had a very good opinion of the Widow Swatchum.

"This very hour!" exclaimed the latter, beginning to be alarmed at my seconding her resolution—"Well, if you think so, Mr. Smith"—and she put her handkerchief to her eye—"I'm sure I've done the best I could—but I have such luck with my servants—"

"It's all your own fault, ma'am," said I. "Like mistress like servants, the world round. If you expect the bell to be attended to, you must see that it is attended to yourself—that's all, Mrs. Swatchum."

"If not," said my wife—

At the use of these two words the Widow declared that she would turn all her servants adrift, but what she would have better attention; and in fact the next day, an entire new set of phizzes, both black, yellow, and white, made their appearance; and doubtless had received new instructions from their mistress, for the bell is now answered at the first time ringing, and indeed is mighty convenient. As for Cato, having given his under lip a woful bruise with the tongs, I gave him a dollar to get it mended.

Yours, BENHADAD SMITH.

New York, April 12, 1832.

ATTEMPT AT FLYING.

Many attempts have been made, at different times, and by different persons, to take upon them the office of birds. Tired of walking this nether sphere, and desirous of being independent of horse and carriage, they have made to themselves wings and attempted to fly.

With the man in Rasselas, however, the motive was less ambitious. He wished to escape from the *Happ Valley*; and he believed it would be easier flying over the mountains, than digging through them. He was, moreover, if we recollect right, a poet, and therefore naturally of a soaring genius. His arguments in favor of the practicability of flying, are ex-

ceedingly ingenious; but, alas! he only flew into the lake, and was fished out as wet as a drowned rat.

Other scientific men have invented modes of flying; and it is but a few years since something was attempted at Washington, either in the way of application to Congress for an appropriation to enable the applicant to carry his flying project into operation; or else in the way of patent, to secure to him the sole privilege of manufacturing wings and using them in these United States.

But the only safe and successful flier, of whom we have any knowledge, was Daedalus of old; he escaped from exile, on a lonely island, by dint of flying. His son Icarus, too, flew very well; but, poor fellow, he lost his life by his inordinate ambition, and the slovenly manner in which his wings were fastened on. They were merely stuck on with wax; and the soaring youngster flew so near the sun, that the wax melted, his wings dropt off, and he dropt into the sea.

But the ambition of flying has not been confined entirely to white men. Some fifty years ago, more or less, a black fellow, named Pomp Phillis, who lived in the Bay State, undertook to fly. His wings were very cheap and very simple—consisting merely of a couple of leather aprons. They were better fastened on than those of Icarus; but they were not near so buoyant.

Pomp thus reasoned with himself. "De birds, dey flies—de geese and de ducks. Why me no fly too? Me ourna 'em swift—me beat 'em on de foot—why not on de wing?"

Thus reasoning, Pomp put on his wings, perched himself in the garret window, spread his pinions and sallied forth. But whether his leather aprons were a dead weight, or whether he did not use them properly, one thing is certain—he came to the ground like a log, and broke his thigh.

"Gosh a mighty!" he exclaimed, as he lay kicking and writhing on the earth, unable to help himself—"de ludder apun kill me dead! I neber git up alone agin, neber. Massa! massa!"

"What do you want, Pomp?" answered the master, who was sitting in the house ignorant of the poor fellow's catastrophe.

"Massa!"

"Come here, if you want any thing."

"Me can't come dere—Oh, gosh! how me leg ache!—me can't come dere, massa—me leg smash to flinters."

His master came out, and seeing, sore enough, that his thigh was fractured, he exclaimed, "How is all this, Pomp?"

"Oh, massa, me been flewin from de gallet window."

"Flew in?"

"Yessie, massa, me flew wid dese ludder apun," lifting up his wings—"and dey no hold me up—and so me break my thigh."

"You're a fool, Pomp."

"Me own it, massa, wid grief and pain. Me tought me could fly—but pride, massa, will hab a fall, and so hab poor Pomp!"

SHOOTING A DUCK.

We could not just now give our readers an original story, which we think would please them so well as the following, from Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage. Griffiths, the hero of the story, was manager of Norwich Theatre. He was a vain, credulous man; and notwithstanding he was very near-sighted, affected the character of a keen sportsman:

"Mr. Griffiths, Bowles, and two gentlemen of Norwich, were out shooting in the neighborhood; and in the course of their sport, two ducks flying over, the manager aimed and fired; a barn was close at hand, beyond which the birds disappeared. Bowles swore that Griffiths had hit one or both, and that they had fallen in the farm-yard. The hint was sufficient; away bounded the manager; Bowles and his companions, who were in the conspiracy, following. Jumping over the gate, they ran into the yard; and just then, an old weather-beaten, broken-backed, bandy-legged duck, a true devotee to mud and water, came limping by among some other fowls.

"That's it, that's it!" said Bowles; "you've hit it; I knew you did."

"Eh, eh, eh, where, Bob, where?"

"There."

Catching a view of him, the manager commenced a chase through mud and slush, and tried to knock down his crippled victim with the butt end of his gun. Two or three times they ran round the yard like a hunt at Astley's, Bob and the others whooping and laughing, and giving the view halloo. The noise soon brought the farmer and his family from the house, and half a dozen thrashers from the barn, the latter of whom evinced a desire of verifying their names, by considering the bodies of our sportsmen as many masses of straw. Mr. Griffiths, however, addressed the farmer, and an altercation ensued as to the iden-

tity of the duck; the former maintaining that he had hit the bird when flying over the barn, and that it had just fallen into the yard; and the latter calling all his people to witness that the said duck had been a patriarch in his puddles these six years, and hadn't wing enough to fly over a turnip. The gentlemen at length interfered, and taking the farmer aside, explained the joke to him, and slipped a crown into his hand; at which Bowles exclaimed—

"Oh, it's very right, sir; the farmer only meant to say that he had a duck which greatly resembled this one."

"Ay, ay, knew so, Bobby; you all saw me hit it." The wick was now tipped to the flail-swingers, and a pursuit recommenced, when the duck was at length knocked down, pounced upon by Bowles, and popped into the bag. Griffiths now shouldered his gun, and marched off in triumph; Bowles walked behind, putting his finger to his nose; and the countrymen, unable any longer to restrain their gratification, clapped their hands to their sides, opened their capacious jaws, and lowed out their laughter like so many oxen."

LAST ADMONITION TO A LAZY BOY.—A late Reverend clergyman, as well known for his eccentricity as his talents, one day sent his son, a lazy lad some ten or a dozen years of age, to catch his horse. The boy went sauntering along, half asleep, with an ear of corn in one hand and the bridle in the other, dragging the reins on the ground.

"Thomas!" said the father, calling after him in a solemn voice—"come here, Thomas, I want to say a word to you before you go."

The lad returned, and the parson proceeded—"You know, Thomas, I've given you a great deal of good counsel. You know I've taught you, before closing your eyes, always to say—"

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.

besides a good many other fine things in the way of exhortation and advice. But this is the last opportunity I shall ever have of speaking to you; and I couldn't let it pass without giving you my parting admonition. Be a good boy, Thomas, and always say that pretty prayer when you are going to sleep. I shall never see you again!"

As he said this in a very grave and solemn tone, the poor boy began to be frightened, and burst into tears with this exclamation—

"You'll never see me again, pa?"

"No, for I shall die before you get back with the horse!"

This quickened Thomas's ideas; and gathering up the bridle reins, he ran and caught the horse sooner than he ever had done before.

DRAMATIC SCENE.—We gather from Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage the following ludicrous anecdote:—A tailor, at a country town, smit with the love of the stage, had furnished Cooke with a suit of clothes on condition that he should be allowed to play Catesby to Cooke's Richard. He got along tolerably well until he came to the tent scene, when Richard, exclaiming, "Who's there?" threw such lightning into his glance, that the poor tailor lost his presence of mind, and stammering out the beginning of his answer, abruptly concluded in the middle—"Tis I, my Lord; the early village-cock—" At the whimsical sense thus given to the passage, the audience shouted aloud, and the tailor stood rooted to the spot, trembling and speechless. Cooke surveyed his stultified aspect for several seconds, with a sardonic grin, as though enjoying his agony—and at length growled out—"Why the devil don't you crow then?"

DUST TO DUST.—Nobody can walk the streets of this grandest city in the world, without thinking of the latter clause of the solemn phrase—"Earth to earth and dust to dust." These March winds in April bring it home to our very eyes. The Legislature and the winds seem to have conspired against the poor pedestrians of New York: the one has repealed the grant to the Eye Infirmary; and the other is taking daily pains to blind all such persons as have not the wherewithal to hire a coach. Indeed we might name a third party to this most foul conspiracy—to wit, the street inspectors—for without their aid, or at least connivance, very little injury could be done, in the way of throwing dust. The dirt is a perpetual annoyance—changing its character as often as the weather changes—now becoming mud, and now dust—now effecting the feet, and now the eyes.

Oh, for a little of the Quaker neatness of the city of Penn! That is truly a city of brotherly love that keeps dust out the people's eyes. But as long as dust is allowed to accumulate in the streets; it will rise of a windy day; and ten to one, will as soon fly in your face as any where else.

New York is the great emporium of dirt, as well as of commerce. They both prevail; but the dirt is the more extensive—and is altogether on the free trade

system. It pays no duty—though we will not be positive but it enters at the custom-house.

The merchant says to the poor man—"Down with your dust!"—but if the poor man were to say to the winds—down with your dust! they would laugh in his face; and, instead of throwing down their dust, would only cast it in his eyes—as they have in many a man's for a month past, with less provocation.

YANKEE SUCCESS.—It is well known that Raymond, one of the Police officers of this city, went to Brussels and succeeded in finding the remaining jewels of the Princess of Orange. The Emperor Nicholas, writing on the subject of the jewels to his sister, the Princess, pays the following compliment to Yankee success: "Rest contented, if an American has undertaken to find them, he will certainly succeed in the discovery. These Americans succeed in every thing."

The following most marvellous story is going the rounds of our papers, and no doubt exciting the wonder and astonishment of papas and mamas wherever it is read. What a spirited child the little Higgins must have been, never to speak to any male person, because his rash and wicked daddy had vowed a shocking vow, never to speak to him, if he had been a girl instead of a boy! Let fathers take warning by this strange circumstance, (if they believe it), and never make rash vows about their offspring in embryo; but resolve to accept them, for better or for worse, whether they turn out to be male or female.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—We find the following extraordinary case in the *Lancet* of Saturday se'night, where it is published on the authority of Mr. Hoare, M. R. C. S. of Westminster. The wife of Mr. Higgins, a farmer of Baltonborough, near Glastonbury, Somerset, having brought him three daughters in succession, and no son, he was so disconcerted at the repeated disappointment, that he vowed, should his next child be a daughter, he would never speak to her. On the approach of his wife's fourth confinement, he repeated this vow. To his great joy, his wife gave birth to a son, and nothing occurred to lessen his satisfaction until the child began to speak. To his astonishment and distress he then found that while the boy would readily address his mother and sisters, and, indeed, any female, nothing could induce him to utter a word to his father, or any male person. This singularity continued during the whole of his father's life (20 years); entreaties, threats, and promises, were of no avail, and the unhappy man frequently bewailed, with tears, the distressing consequences of this rash vow. On the death of Mr. Higgins, which happened about two months since, the young man, to the astonishment of all who knew him, began to speak fluently to males as well as females, although for thirty years previously he had never been heard to utter a word to any one of the former sex. Mr. Higgins had no other son. The young man is in good health, and is ready, as are his mother and sisters, and many other respectable persons, to attest the truth of this narrative.—*London paper.*

DIED.—At Delhi, on the 1st inst. Mr. Job Sheldon, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 74 years. He was born in Rhode Island, enlisted early in the revolutionary army, and continued in it till the close of the war. He was one of the gallant band who successfully defended forts Mifflin and Mercer; was among those who, at Valley Forge, endured such privations and sufferings; fought at the battle of Monmouth; was one of the sergeants of the guard on duty at the execution of Major Andre; and was at the siege of Yorktown and the capture of Cornwallis.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XIII.

LEONTIUS PILATUS.—In the year 1350, a disciple of Basilam, whose name was Leo, or Leontius Pilatus, was detained in his way to Avignon, by the advice and hospitality of Boccaccio, who lodged the stranger in his house, prevailed on the republic of Florence to allow him an annual stipend, and devoted his leisure to the first Greek Professor, who taught that language in the western countries of Europe. The appearance of Leo might disgust the most eager disciple; he was clothed in the mantle of a philosopher or a mendicant; his countenance was hideous; his face was overshadowed with black hair, his beard long and uncombed; his deportment rustic; his temper gloomy and inconstant; nor could he grace his discourse with the ornaments, or even perspicuity of Latin elocution. But his mind was stored with a treasure of Greek learning; history and fable, philosophy and grammar, were alike at his command; and he read the poems of Homer in the schools of Florence. It was from his explanation, that Boccaccio composed and transcribed a literal prose version of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which satisfied the thirst of his friend Petrarch; and which perhaps in the succeeding century was clandestinely used by Laurentius Valla, the Latin interpreter. It was from his narratives that the same Boccaccio collected the materials for his treatise on the "Genealogy of the Heathen Gods," a work, in that age, of stupendous erudition, and which he ostentatiously sprinkled with Greek characters and passages,

to excite the wonder and applause of his more ignorant readers.—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall.*

ARMENIAN MONUMENTS.—The great Armenian burying ground above Pera, is situated near the Turkish cemetery. The tombstones are generally slabs, laid flat upon the earth. Besides the epitaph, it is customary to engrave some instrument indicating the profession of the deceased; as a pair of scissors for a tailor, a razor for a barber, &c.—*Notes to "The Armenians."*

GEORGE II.—He had always publicly kept a mistress; most certainly with the knowledge of the queen: and it was generally believed that his mistresses were chosen by the queen. I believe Mr. Walpole is right, when he says that the queen was the woman who had the strongest hold of his affections. I recollect a circumstance mentioned to me by my father, which is a proof of this assertion. The morning after the king's death, my father and Sir Edward Wilmot, who were the only two king's physicians then in town, received an order to be present at the opening of the body, and to report their opinion as to the cause of his majesty's death. A paper of directions, left by the king, as to the manner in which his body should be treated, &c., was produced: in that paper he had directed, that the coffin should be so constructed that one side of it might be drawn out. The coffin in which the body of queen Caroline was to be placed, had been constructed in a similar manner; and his majesty directed that one side of each coffin should be drawn out, so that the bodies might be in one coffin. I believe these directions were very carefully observed.—*Nicholls's Recollections.*

DEVASTATION OF LITERATURE.—It is remarkable that conquerors, in the moment of victory, or in the unsparing devastation of their race, have not been satisfied with destroying men, but have even carried their vengeance to books.

The Romans burnt the books of the Jews, the Christians, and the Philosophers; the Jews burnt the books of the Christians and the Pagans; and the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews. The greater part of the books of Origen, and the other Heretics, were continually burnt by the Orthodox party.

Cardinal Ximenes, at the taking of Grenada, condemned to the flames five thousand Korans. The Puritans burnt every thing they found which bore the vestige of popish origin. We have on record many curious accounts of their holy depredations, of their maiming images, and erasing pictures. Cromwell zealously set fire to the library at Oxford, which was the most curious in Europe.

The most violent persecution which ever the Republic of Letters has undergone, is that of the Caliph Omar, in the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, founded by Ptolemy Soter. After having proclaimed that the Koran contained every thing which was useful to believe and know, he caused the books to be distributed to the owners of the baths, to be used in heating their stoves; and it is said that they employed no other materials for this purpose during a period of six months.

At the death of the learned Peiresc, a chamber in his house was discovered filled with letters from the most eminent scholars of the age. Such was the disposition of his niece, who inherited his estates, that although repeatedly entreated to permit them to be published, she preferred employing them to other purposes; and it was her singular pleasure to regale herself occasionally with burning these learned epistles, to save the expense of firing.

Even the civilization of the eighteenth century could not preserve from the savage and destructive fury of a disorderly mob, the valuable papers of the Earl of Mansfield, which were madly consigned to the flames during the disgraceful riots of June, 1780.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

Pope's EXPENDITURE.—His not being richer may be easily accounted for. He never had any love for money; and though he was not extravagant in any thing, he always delighted, when he had any sum to spare, to make use of it in giving, lending, building, and gardening; for those were the ways in which he disposed of all the overplus of his income. If he was extravagant in any thing, it was in his grotto, for that from first to last, cost him a thousand pounds.—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAITS.—Those who delight in observing the relation between the physical and moral traits of the human countenance, and those of that of animals, have remarked that Danton had the physiognomy of a mastiff, Marat that of an eagle, Mirabeau that of a lion, and Robespierre of a cat. The temperament of the last was at first melancholy, and ended in being atrabilious. He had at first a pale and dull countenance; it afterwards became yellow and livid. The history of his temperament is a great

portion of the history of his life.—*Memoirs Margravine of Anspach.*

FRENCH POSTILLIONS.—They must certainly be descendants from those persons, who so dexterously used whips at the feasts of Bacchus and Cybele. The crack of the whip at that day produced harmonious sounds according to the skill of the persons who employed them. The Tartars use long whips instead of trumpets, and with one stroke produce three different sounds, one succeeding the other. There was a famous coachman at Maestricht, who played all kinds of airs with his whip. Though the French postillions do not succeed so completely in that kind of music as he did, they make noise enough; but noise is not melody.—*J. B. Davis's "More Subjects than One."*

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.—It is generally believed that he was the natural son of Shakspeare. He succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureat in 1637, and obtained a patent for a company of comedians from King Charles, and was knighted by that monarch. He was accounted a great poet in several branches of that science: his "Gondibert" is esteemed a noble poem, which he wrote in France during his exile with King Charles the Second. His works are printed in folio 1675, which contains seventeen dramatic pieces, besides his poems. Sir William was the first contriver of painted scenes in our English theatres, as well as one of the first introducers of singing operas. There is a work of this kind, whose title runs thus: "The cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, expressed by instrumental and vocal music, and by art of perspective in scenes, at the cock-pit in Drury-Lane, at three in the afternoon, 1658."—*Drake's edit. of Shakspeare.*

PRINTING.—It may, perhaps, be a matter of surprise that the art of Printing, which throws so much light upon almost every other subject, should throw none upon its own origin. The time when, the place where, and the person by whom it was invented, are equally unknown. England, however, is not concerned in the dispute. The most we know is, that it was discovered either in Germany or Holland, about 1440; that the first types were made of wood, not metal, and that some of the earliest printed works were passed off as manuscripts.

The two principal cities that lay claim to the invention, are Haerlem and Mentz; and either from one or the other, or perhaps from both, it was conveyed to the different cities and countries of Europe.

The introduction of printing into this country is undoubtedly to be ascribed to William Caxton, a modest, worthy, and industrious man, who went to Germany entirely to learn the art; and, having practised himself at Cologne in 1471, brought it to England two years afterwards. He was not only a printer, but an author; and the book which he translated, called "The Game at Chess," and which appeared in 1474, is considered as the first production of the English press.

The seal engravers were, however, the first printers; and the art of printing with blocks was merely an extension of the art, from impressions on wax to impressions on paper or vellum.

DUKE OF ORMOND.—Splendid and conciliatory at Dublin, his court was superior to any thing before seen in Ireland. His affability and generosity were such, that except in political affairs every order of men were his friends and admirers. He was more addicted to pleasure than business, and fond of splendour. Power was of no other use to him than as it raised his glory, and was the means to lavish favors upon his friends and flatterers. His abilities were confined, but he was so entirely amiable, that the want of them was not observed. He seemed made for the drawing-room; for, though not tall, he was well formed, and possessed a fair complexion, and features very beautifully regular.—*Noble's Contin. Granger's Biog. Hist.*

AVARICIOUS CHARACTERS.—The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure will never prevail against avarice. My Lord Chancellor, Hardwick, when worth eight hundred thousand pounds, set the same value on half a crown then as when he was worth only one hundred pounds. That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings in a cold dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire; he died worth more than a million and a half sterling, which was inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies. Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver and paying two-pence for his dish of coffee in George's Coffee-House, was helped into his chariot, (for he was then very lame and infirm), and went home; some little time after he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about forty

thousand pounds per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir. I knew one Sir Thomas Colby, who lived at Kensington, and was, I think, a commissioner in the Victualling Office; he killed himself by rising in the night when he was under the effect of a sudorific, and going down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlour; he was apprehensive his servants might seize the key and deprive him of a bottle of wine. This man died intestate, and left more than two hundred thousand pounds in the funds, which was shared among five or six day-labourers, who were his nearest relatives.—*Dr. King's Anecdotes.*

DANIEL DEFOE.—It is not known to what part of the kingdom he retired when circumstances compelled him to render himself invisible for a time to his creditors. It is conjectured, that he fled to Bristol, where he used often to be seen walking about the streets, accoutred in the fashion of the times, with a full flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side. As his appearance in public, however, was restricted to the Sabbath—bailiffs having no more power on that day than fiends of darkness at the hallowed season of Christmas—he soon became generally known by the name of the "Sunday Gent," and the inn, now an obscure pot-house, is still in existence, where he used occasionally to resort for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures of society, to which (though temperate and abstemious in his habits) he was fondly addicted.—*Life and Times of Defoe.*

METAPHYSICS.

Specimen of a Collegiate Examination.

Professor.—What is a salt box?

Student.—It is a box made to contain salt.

Prof.—How is it divided?

Stud.—Into a salt box, and a box of salt.

Prof.—Very well, show the distinction.

Stud.—A salt box may be where there is no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

Prof.—Are not salt boxes otherwise divided?

Stud.—Yes, by a partition.

Prof.—What is the use of this division?

Stud.—To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

Prof.—How! think a little!

Stud.—To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

Prof.—To be sure, to separate the fine from the coarse; but are not salt boxes otherwise distinguished?

Stud.—Yes, into possible, positive, and probable.

Prof.—Define these several kinds of salt boxes.

Stud.—A possible salt box is a salt box yet unsold, in the joiner's hands.

Prof.—Why so?

Stud.—Because it hath not yet become a salt box, having never had any salt in it; and it may probably be applied to some other use.

Prof.—Very true; for a salt box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have any salt in it, can only be termed a possible salt box. What is a probable salt box?

Stud.—It is a salt box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath two-pence in his pocket to pay the shopkeeper; and a positive salt box is one which hath actually and bona fide got salt in it.

Prof.—What is the idea of a salt box?

Stud.—It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt box when no salt is present.

Prof.—What is the abstract idea of a salt box?

Stud.—It is the idea of a salt box abstracted from the idea of a box; or of salt, or of a salt box; or of a box of salt.

Prof.—Very right; by this means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt box a salt idea?

Stud.—Not unless the idea box hath the idea of salt contained in it.

Prof.—True; and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short; and this shows the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an essential or an accidental property of a salt box?

Stud.—It is an essential; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an accidental property of that salt box.

Prof.—Very well, very well, indeed. What is the salt called with respect to the box?

Stud.—It is called its contents.

Prof.—And why so?

Stud.—Because the cook is content, *quod habet*, to find plenty of salt in the box.

Prof.—You are very right.

DIED, on the 20th Jan. in Dublin, aged 49, Alexander Nimmo, Esq. civil engineer, F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A., M.G.S.L., &c. These honorary distinctions are but as dust weighed in the balance when compared with the sterling talent and intrinsic merit of this excellent and lamented individual. Eulogium is unnecessary, as the word *Ireland* alone will be his most merited monument and suitable epitaph; no man so well understood the remedies required for its practical evils, and the effects, not alone of his foresight, but his actual works will be felt long after the very remembrance of his name will have passed away.—*Irish papers.*

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

"Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs,
Sheltered safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flowery shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.
But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whispering groves in vain,
Thou'lt leave these banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main.
And thou, sweet youth, too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unsheltered sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mixed, alas!
All hope of peace is lost for thee." Moore.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The reader will be gratified by a perusal of the following letter from the Hon. Mr. Gaither, a member of Congress from Kentucky, respecting the operation of the law of that state, abolishing imprisonment for debt. It is dated Feb. 22, 1832, and was addressed to a gentleman in Boston.

Sir—Your letter of the 14th inst. has been received, and the inquiry made in it, relative to the effect of the law of Kentucky abolishing imprisonment for debt, shall be frankly answered, with liberty to do what you please with the answer.

Your first inquiry is, does the law impair credit?—I am confident it has had no such effect.

Does it oppress the poor by preventing them sometimes from obtaining on credit the necessities of life?—It has no such effect.

Do the merchants of Kentucky complain that they cannot obtain goods, in other States, on terms as favourable for credit, as merchants from those States where imprisonment for debt is allowed?—I have never heard any complaint of this kind, neither do I believe there is any cause for it.

Is the law of Kentucky abolishing imprisonment for debt a subject of frequent complaint?—It is now seldom spoken of; so perfectly has the moral force of the country yielded to it.

Do you perceive any tendency in the district which represent to revert to the old system?—Not the least tendency—and I am confident no man has popularity enough to be elected, who would avow such to be his object.

If any class of citizens in Kentucky complain that imprisonment for debt is abolished, who are they, and why do they complain?—The only class of citizens I ever heard complain were dealers in money called Shavers, who fatten upon the misfortune or indiscretion of their neighbours, and are perfect Shylocks in principle.

The effect of the law upon society has obviously been to diminish those heartless beings, who feel not the degradation of being immured with the felon within the walls intended only to secure the criminal.—And the unfortunate wife and children bear with fortitude the entire loss of property, with a determined spirit to labour and make more, by knowing that the husband and father is not to be torn from them and incarcerated in prison because he cannot pay all his debts. It has introduced also, a discreet system of crediting, without affecting any interests injurious. If the people in other States are constituted as the Kentuckians are, the statesman will never repent expunging from the statute book that ugly age of tyranny, the law which imprisons for debt.

NATHAN GAITHER.

Note.—The legislature of Kentucky, at the session of 1821, passed the law in question, abolishing imprisonment for debt. The statement, therefore is founded on an experience of ten years.

OVERBOARD.

The Scotchman, one day, during a heavy sea with little wind, ordered me, in his anger, to go to the extreme end of the top-sail yard-arm, and remain there for four hours. I murmured, but, obliged to comply, up I went; and walking along the yard on the dizzy height, got hold of the top-sail lift, laid myself down between the yard and studding-sail-boom, and pretended to sleep as usual. The lieutenant frequently hailed me, bidding me to keep awake, or I should fall overboard. This repeated caution suggested to me the means of putting an end to this sort of annoyance, by antedating his fears, and falling overboard;—not, however, with the idea of drowning, as few in the ship could swim so well as myself. I had seen a man jump from the lower yard in sport, and had determined to try the experiment. Besides, the roll of the ship was in my favour; so, watching my opportunity, when the officers and crew were at their quarters at sunset, I took advantage of a heavy roll of the ship, and dropped on the crest of a monstrous wave. I sunk deep into its bosom, and the agony of suppressed respiration after the fall, was horrible. Had I not taken the precaution to maintain my poise, by keeping my hands over my head, preserving an erect posture in my descent, and moving my limbs in the air, I should inevitably have lost my life. As it was, I was insensible to every thing but a swelling sensation in my chest, so bursting; and the frightful conviction of going downwards, with the rapidity of a thunder-bolt, notwithstanding my convulsive struggles to rise, was torture such as it is vain to describe. A death-like torpidness came over me; then I heard a din of voices, and a noise on the sea, and within it, like a hurricane; my head and breast seemed to be splitting. After which,

I thought I saw a confused crowd of faces bent over me; and I felt a loathsome sickness. A cold shivering shook my limbs, and I gnashed my teeth, imagining myself still struggling as in the last efforts at escape from drowning. This impression must have continued for a long time. The first circumstance I can distinctly remember was Aston's voice, saying, 'How are you now?' I tried to speak, but in vain; my lips moved without a word. He told me, I was now safe on board. I looked round; but a sensation of water rushing in my mouth, ears and nostrils, still made me think I was amidst the waves. For eight and forty hours I suffered inexpressible pain; a thousand times greater, in my restoration to life, than before I lost my recollection.—*Adv. of Younger Son.*

"ROMANCE OF HISTORY."

We give a specimen of this new work of Mr. Macfarlane, the scenes of which are all Italian. The present extract is from the story of "The Pope's Daughter."

"Catholics may be scandalized; but it is an historical and notorious fact, that though celibacy was recommended, it was not absolutely insisted upon as essential to the clerical profession, and a dogma of the infallible church, until the twelfth century; and in earlier ages many of the most distinguished bishops—nay, some of the popes themselves—had been married men before they renounced the world for the ecclesiastical life. Even thus had it happened with Adrian II. He had a wife named Stefania, and a family of whom an only daughter now remained, before he entered the church; and even when his sanctity or his ambition was rewarded with its supreme post, he could not eradicate the private feelings of nature (a Protestant may regret that the attempt was ever made), but he continued to love his child with intense and absorbing affection. In what relation the pope stood to his ex-wife we are not informed, but she lived with her daughter in the outskirts of Rome, and must occasionally have seen her husband in his visits, which were always made as privately as possible. To establish his darling child had been his principal care. When elected to the chair of St. Peter, he found no difficulty in contracting an alliance with the noblest of Rome, and the gallant Lamberto was the husband he chose for Stefania. He had seen the youth's departure, which he could not well oppose, with regret, and he now came to console his child, who hung on his neck and wept. Her revered father's caresses, his encouragement and affectionate admonitions, soon, however, restored the young bride to calmness, and to the sense of what she owed her kind parent. She exerted herself to please him—the hour passed, and when the fond father, charmed with her filial love and docility, took his leave, he promised that Lamberto should soon return from the wars.

The quick intercourse by letters—that admirable improvement of modern times that does so much for our comfort, and may alleviate the pangs of lovers' separation—was unknown in those days of turbulence and general ignorance. Lamberto had been absent many weeks, and his bride had never heard from him, when, one morning as she was walking on the terrace with her nurse, she saw a distant horseman galloping towards her solitary abode. He came on with such speed that she could soon perceive he was a warrior, and one of superior condition. Her heart beat wildly. About a couple of bow-shots from the garden walls the road or path divided—one arm branching off towards the Campagna di Roma, and the other leading to the front entrance of her house. She was breathless as the warrior approached the division;—which road would he take? His gallant steed soon answered the question—he took the way to her door, and the over-agitated Stefania fell into the arms of her nurse, exclaiming, 'It is he!—he is come at last!'

Soon, however, recovering herself, the young bride ran with love's speed to the house and the outer gate, where the domestics were holding parley with the armed visitor, who announced himself, not indeed as Lamberto, but as the bearer of an important message from him. This was a cruel disappointment; but the minor pleasure of learning his tidings remained, and impatient, and without consulting her mother, she ordered that the gate, never unbarred in those times of treachery and violence, without suspicion, should be opened to the stranger. The warrior entered, and followed Stefania to the apartment of her mother, whom they found engaged in prayer. Startled at the intrusion, the matron arose.

'A messenger, dearest mother, from Lamberto,' said Stefania, presenting the stranger, who respectfully bowed, and advancing, produced to the ladies a curious ring, well known to both as having been worn by the absent bridegroom.

'By this token I am accredited,' said the warrior.

'You are—it is Lamberto's ring!' cried Stefania, pressing it to her lips; 'but wherefore tarries he so long?—where is he?—how fares he?—what says my lord?'

'Lamberto is well—his sword is victorious—he tenderly salutes you with the information that in a few days, whatever be the consequences, he will quit the emperor's camp and return to Rome to claim his bride and celebrate his nuptials, replied the envoy.

to claim his bride and celebrate his nuptials, replied the envoy.

'Heaven be praised for his well-being!' exclaimed Stefania and her mother; but the latter added, 'But may there not be dishonour or peril in abandoning the Christian army?'

'There may indeed be suspicion of one, and risk of the other,' said the stranger, cautiously; 'and for this he exacts from you a promise, that no mention be made to living soul of his coming. When here, he can justify and defend himself.'

'His will shall be done; and may all tend to the best!' said the matron.

'You promise, then, to keep this important secret?' rejoined the messenger.

The mother and daughter replied, 'We do, most solemnly!'

After having answered a number of questions concerning Lamberto, suggested by the affection of the gentle Stefania, the warrior withdrew to partake of some refreshments prepared for him; and soon after, having paid his devoirs to the ladies, he left the house.

That very evening the quiet mule of the Roman pontiff stopped before the door which led to her who was more precious than aught else on earth, and, in the indulgence of his parental tenderness, Adrian experienced that degree of pleasure which nothing could equal. It was a curious and a touching sight to mark the pope and the maiden. The whole Christian world were his children; but he felt this to be a spiritual fiction, and the voice of nature within him told him that but one child—his own, and the fairest and dearest. The maiden, too, had been taught to consider the papal dignity as something above earth—allied to heaven and the host of saints—but his familiar tenderness, and her filial return, assured her, that though now a pope, her father was yet a mortal, and retained all his former feelings and affections.

Mindful of their promise, and fearful of trusting themselves on the subject of Lamberto's messenger, for truth will break out so naturally from ingenuous minds, neither Stefania nor her mother mentioned his visit, and Adrian returned to Rome without knowing any thing of the matter.

Meanwhile the impatience of the bride, irritated by the assurance she had received that Lamberto would soon be with her, scarcely allowed her rest by night or day. The third—the fourth day had elapsed, and she began to feel that sickness of the heart which proceeds from delayed hope. On the evening of the fifth day, after having walked on the terrace, and watched with eager eyes across the country, until, overcome with fatigue, she was following her nurse who had retired to the house for vesper prayers, a gentle 'Hist, hist!' and her name repeated in a subdued voice arrested by steps. She turned in the direction of the sounds, and saw in the garden below the terrace an old gardener, who beckoned her to descend. Surprised at so unusual an invitation, she however went down to the garden by a flight of steps that led from the end of the terrace. The gardener, instead of waiting her approach, walked on towards the high walls that surrounded the grounds, nor stopped until he reached a cluster of trees that shut out all view from the house. Stefania followed him; but what was her alarm, when, on reaching the spot where he had paused, she found a man in armour, standing in the dense shadow of the trees. A scream died on her lips, but she would have fled, when the warrior, grasping her arm, made himself known as the messenger of Lamberto.

'Lady, you must excuse the means we have employed, and be silent,' said the man.

'But what means this?' asked Stefania, recovering her breath—'How are you here in secret?—where is my Lamberto?'

'A very short distance hence, impatiently awaiting your arrival,' was the answer.

'How is this, sir?' said Stefania; 'even at the hour of the day it is, the doors of this house are opened to my affianced—why comes he then by stealth?'

'Alas! lady, things are changed, fearfully changed! Lamberto has incurred the displeasure of the emperor, and of his holiness the pope—your marriage is forbidden, and another destiny and another husband await you.'

'Lamberto is my affianced—our vows have been plighted, and I will have no husband but him,' said Stefania, energetically, although trembling in every limb and joint at so horrid and so unexpected an announcement.

'He expected no less from you, lady, and thus has dared to oppose to force and violence that may soon be employed against him and you, the resources of ingenuity and secrecy. He expects your coming at a house not far removed from these garden walls, and a holy fiat is with him to perform the marriage ceremony.'

'So suddenly! so mysteriously!' mused Stefania.

'None other way is left, lady; when once married—once his—neither emperor nor pope will separate you; but now it is for you to decide, and that instantly, for every moment may render impracticable his well-laid plan, whether you will be his or lose Lamberto for ever.'

'I cannot lose him! I dare not flee to him thus! Alas! alas! and if I stay here I may never see him more!' cried the agitated bride.

'Of a certainty you never will! But why hesitate, fair lady, and throw away your only chance of love and happiness? Away, away with me, and in a few minutes you will be in the arms of an adoring husband!' and the secret envoy gently pulled her, but half-unwilling as she was, towards the garden wall.

'But my father—my affectionate father!' cried Stefania with anguish—'and my fond mother within!—Oh! I cannot leave my darling mother thus!'

'It is impossible she can accompany you; but each instant your escape to Lamberto may be prevented, and he has sworn by every oath not to survive the disappointment of this his last and only hope.'

'Oh, I must consult my mother! I cannot depart without her blessing,' said Stefania, while tears rained down her youthful cheeks.

'This would ruin all,' and the messenger, continuing his gentle force, brought her to the foot of the lofty wall. They had not stood there an instant, when the voice of the old nurse on the terrace was heard calling the name of Stefania.

'Oh, let me return!—let me return!' prayed the lovely maiden to the soldier, who now held her arm faster than before.

'And lose Lamberto for ever?' whispered the man significantly—'No! it must not be, and I must serve my friend and master. Hail! there, Barnabo!'

At his call the old gardener glided between them and the wall, and opened a low iron door that gave egress to the banks of the Tyber. The warrior clasped Stefania in his arms—in two strides he was beyond the garden walls—the iron door was closed, and this half-voluntary elopement—half forcible abduction was completed. Stefania wept and wrung her hands—she could not return, nor could she walk forward. The warrior took her light weight in his muscular arms, and carried her down to the edge of the river; but before he could place her in a boat prepared for their flight, he had fainted.

When she recovered, as if from a confused dream, she found herself gliding rapidly between the dark, rough banks of the Tyber, and the armed man by her side. She hid her face in her hands, and had only strength to say, 'Oh, whither are you conducting me on this cold, deep river?'

'To a husband,' was the brief reply.

The boat soon stopped at an ancient quay, now much dilapidated, where Stefania was made to descend. Not a hundred yards from the landing-place, a mossy time-worn edifice reared its head in the uncertain and darkening twilight.

'Your husband awaits you there,' said the warrior; 'that is to be your temple of Hymen!'

'Alas!' said Stefania, 'it looks more like a tomb!'

But at the same time the thoughts of her near approach to Lamberto, and her ardent love, whispered encouragement, and she walked on towards the dreary pile. The building, both in material and style of architecture, was such as had never been produced in the ages of barbarism; it was the ruin of an edifice, probably a temple, of the Roman empire, which, like many others, had been converted into a mortal residence. Within these old impenetrable walls the barons and nobles, even for some centuries after, set the popes and the oppressed Romans at defiance, and the relics of a classical age served as the castles of feudal tyranny and its worst excesses. Stefania trembled with awe as she stopped under its frowning walls, from whose fractured and irregular edges the dark ivy descended in long, broad threads, not adhesive to the masonry, but loose, and waving in the night breeze like the banners of death. She looked in vain for a door to open, with a passionate, fond welcome from Lamberto. There was no door in the lower part of the edifice; but anon, after a shrill whistle from her conductor, she heard a harsh, creaking noise high above head, and looking up, she saw a narrow arched aperture in the wall thrown open. The light of torches glared through the opening, and she heard the harsh voices of several men. The next minute a folding flight of wooden steps, scarcely more convenient than a scaling ladder, was lowered. Agitated by a thousand contrasting passions, and with a giddy head, Stefania could not ascend by such steps as those, and her conductor carried her up in his arms. She landed in a narrow passage that penetrated the stupendous thickness of the wall, and opened into a vast roofless corridor where the wind caused the torches by which she was preceded to waver and flicker with strange effect, while, at the same time, their light disturbed innumerable tenants of the ruins, the owls and the bats, that hopped and hooted, and flitted with wings mysteriously silent along across the corridor. And where was Lamberto all this time? Was it thus he received his bride who had abandoned her home, and all in the world beside, to attend his summons? It was for him to support her trembling steps.

Her conductor assured her that he was engaged

with the priest, and that she would instantly be in his company. He threw open a door at the end of the gallery; but, on following him into another passage, Stefania suddenly stopped, and, drawing her hands before her eyes, uttered a faint scream.—Against the wall she saw, by a faint light, a tall white figure, with a hand upraised as if to menace or admonish; and to her agitated senses it assumed the form of her mother—of that affectionate mother she had abandoned so precipitately.

"What fear is this? It is but a statue you start at," said her conductor, and he ordered the attendants to hold the torches to a niche where indeed was collocated an effigy of some divinity of ancient mythology.

The passage they were in descended considerably like the *comitoria* of an ancient amphitheatre, and ended at another door, which being thrown open, Stefania found herself in a vast and lofty hall, whose obscurity was but imperfectly dissipated by torches stuck against the blackened walls, and a huge lamp suspended from the almost invisible roof. Beneath that lamp she saw the figures of a monk and a warrior clad in armour; and how did Stefania's cheek blush and her limbs shake, when the latter advanced to meet her, saying in a low voice, "You are come at last?" She could not raise her eyes to his, but took his offered arm in silence. The warrior too was silent. When at the end of the dreary hall, and beneath the lamp, he made a sign to the monk, who instantly, and with a hurried voice, began to read the marriage service as prescribed at that period by the Church of Rome. As it proceeded and came to that point where Stefania was to give the important responses that bound her fate till death, she lifted up her timid eyes toward her lover's face, but it was concealed by the casque and visor he wore. With something colder and heavier than steel at her heart, she again bent her eyes to the ground, wondering (if any of her confused ideas were intelligible) at the discourtesy and churlishness of her Lambert. The ceremony was finished—she scarcely knew how—the monk departed—the hall was cleared, and Stefania, blushing and trembling, was alone with her husband, who at last removing his masking helmet, discovered to her eyes not the beloved features of her Lambert, but those of an utter stranger!

The betrayed girl shrieked with horror, and fell lifeless on the floor of the accursed hall."

A ROYAL TRAVELLER.

The London Quarterly thus handles the late "Tour of a German Prince."

"It would appear that the German publishers are before even our own in the arts of the puff; at least we have not yet seen a 'fashionable novel' of the Burlington street manufactory ushered into public life with the trumpettings of a first rate English author. 'This celebrated tour,' as the advertisements style it, has, however, the advantage of a preliminary flourish from no less a person than Meinerr von Goethe, who, among other things, extols the tourist for the accuracy of his descriptions of English scenery and society, particularly 'the hunting parties and drinking-bouts which succeed each other in an unbroken series,' and which 'are made tolerable to us' (i.e. M. Goethe only because he can tolerate them). 'The peculiarities of English manners,' continues the puff, 'are drawn vividly and distinctly, without exaggeration; but how the sage of Weimar should have fancied himself qualified to form so decided an opinion upon the accuracy of his protegee, we do not presume exactly to understand; inasmuch as we have reason to believe, that he has suffered eighty-three years of his youth to slip away, without availing himself of an opportunity of judging of our peculiarities from personal experience.

'Like other unprejudiced travellers of modern times, (he proceeds) our author is not very much enchanted with the English form of existence—his cordial and sincere admiration is often accompanied by inspiring censure. . . . He is by no means inclined to favour the faults and weaknesses of the English; and in these cases—(what cases!)—he has the greatest and best among them,—those whose reputation is universal,—on his side.'

'The great charm, however, which attaches us to his side, consists in the moral manifestations of his nature, which run through the book; his clear understanding, and simple natural manner, render him highly interesting. We are agreeably affected by the sight of a right-minded and kind-hearted man, who describes with charming frankness, the conflict between will and accomplishment.' (What does the Patriarch mean?)

'We represent him to ourselves as of dignified and prepossessing exterior. He knows how instantly to place himself on an equality with high and low, and to be welcome to all;—that he excites the attention of women is natural enough—he attracts and is attracted; but his experience of the world enables him to terminate any little *affaires du cœur* without violence or indecorum.'

We shall presently enable the reader to judge for himself as to some points of this eulogy.

The cold nights of November do not more surely portend to the anxious sportsman in the country the approach of woodcocks, than do the balmy zephyrs of May foretell the arrival of illustrious foreigners in

London; each succeeding season brings its flock of princes, counts, and barons, who go the ordinary round of dinners, assemblies, concerts, and balls; yawn each of them, one night under the gallery of the House of Commons; one day take their position on the bench at the Old Bailey; visit the Court of Chancery; snatch a glimpse of the House of Peers; mount St. Paul's; dive into the Tunnel; see Windsor; breakfast at Sandhurst; attend a review on a wet morning in Hyde Park; dance at Almack's; try for an heiress—fail; make a tour of the provinces; enjoy a battue in Norfolk; sink into a coal-pit in Northumberland; admire grouse and pibrochs in Scotland; fly along a rail-road; tread the plank of a steam-packet and so depart,—and then are heard no more. Such was this Prince Pucker Atuska.

His first letter, addressed, as all his letters are, to his 'dear Julia,'—(that is to say, no doubt, his highness's consort, Princess Pucker to his alliance with whom, we believe, he owed his princelyship)—is dated Cheltenham, July 12, 1828; and the first observation which his highness is pleased to make upon his arrival at that popular watering-place is one of a mixed character, political, statistical, and philosophical, whence may be derived a tolerably fair estimate of his highness's accuracy and knowledge of 'things in general.' He is describing to his 'dear Julia' the nature and character of the distress amongst the lower orders in England, and its causes and origin.

'The distress,' says his highness, 'IN TRUTH, consisted in this; that the people, instead of having three or four meals a day, with tea, cold meat, bread, and butter, breakfasts or roast meat, were now obliged to content themselves with two, consisting only of meat and potatoes. It was, however, just harvest-time, and the want of labourers in the fields so great, that the farmers gave almost any wages. Nevertheless, I was assured that the mechanics would rather destroy all the machinery and actually starve, than bring themselves to take a sickle in their hands, or bind a sheaf, so intractable and obstinate are the English common people rendered by their universal comfort, and the certainty of obtaining employment if they vigorously seek it. From what I have now told you, you may imagine what deductions you ought to make from newspaper articles.'

At page 14, we reach Llangollen, where his Highness is pleased to make an observation, which, coming from a prince, sounds strange. He tells his Julia that 'where he pays well, he is always the first person.'—We represent him to ourselves (quoth Goethe) as of a majestic appearance; but the landlords and waiters seem to have wanted such discrimination. He then proceeds to—

'his appetite, enormously sharpened by the mountain air, was most agreeably invited by the aspect of the smoking coffee, fresh Guinea-fowls' eggs, deep yellow mountain butter, thick cream, "toasted muffins" (a delicate sort of cake eaten hot with butter), and lastly, two red spotted trout just caught; all placed on a snow-white table-cloth of Irish damask; a breakfast which Sir Walter Scott's heroes in "the highlands" might have been thankful to receive at the hands of that great painter of human necessities. "Je devore déjà un œuf"—Adieu.'

It is laid down by Hannah, in "Hamilton's Bawn" that a captain of horse

—has never a hand that is idle; For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle;—and we infer, from the animated account given by his Highness of his own activity, that he must have been either a dragoon or a hussar, for, while with one hand he is describing to the sentimental Julia the delights of his breakfast, he is, by his own showing, actually eating an egg with the other.—His notion of being served with Guinea-fowls' eggs we presume to have arisen from the price which the innkeeper charged for them, for although eggs are plenty in Wales, princes are scarce; but what his highness means by describing Sir Walter Scott as a great painter of human necessities, is quite beyond us.—After breakfast, he impudently intrudes himself on Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, and quizzes them and their pretty cottage in a style which, all the circumstances considered, one might almost be tempted to call brutal. Those amiable spinsters are, however, no more—and we may pass on.

By a reference to page 27, we find that his highness slept 'admirably' on the night of the 15th of August, at his inn in Wales, where he describes himself sitting at the window, looking at the sea, and the ships thereon. 'On the landward'—whatever that means—he says, 'rises a castle of black marble, surrounded by ancient oaks.' And in this retirement he finds, 'very unexpectedly,'—we should think so, a 'thin friend of his, with "magnificent calves, elegantly dressed;" a gentleman who is "so good-natured and yet so sarcastic, so English and yet so German," &c.; and this so delightful personage tells him a story, which, in order to fill up a certain number of pages, his highness is good enough to repeat, though it contains nothing worthy of notice, except an ill-natured slap at the poor Duke of St. Alban's, who treated him with every mark of civility when he was in England.

His highness is tempted to visit the marble castle which he has seen from his window, and is 'remarkably well received there.'

'The bells of the various rooms,' says his highness, 'are suspended in a row on the wall, numbered, so that it is immediately seen in what room any one has rung; the sort of pendulum which is attached to each wire continues to vibrate for ten minutes after the

sound has ceased, to remind the sluggish of their duty, &c. &c.

Of the cordiality of his highness's reception at the marble castle we have no doubt; but he leaves us in the dark as to whether he had been the guest of the housekeeper or the butler, though we confess we rather incline to the former, not only because, according to his guarantee, the author of the Sorrows of Werter, he attracted women and was attracted by them, but because he refers, with something of a regretful feeling, to the 'locked staircase' of the wine-cellar: had the butler been at home there is every reason to hope that his highness would not have found it closed against him.

His highness next visits a slate-quarry, over which he tells us it 'took him a considerable time to take even a hasty glance.' He then gives us the average of casualties which happen annually, and breaks off into a profane medley of nonsense, impudently entitled 'Reflections of a Pious Soul,' upon which we decline commenting, lest we should be compelled to extract even the smallest portion of it.

Ten pages of stupid blasphemy bring us to page 88, where the baser propensities of his mind give place to its overweening passion—personal vanity. The hero of 'moral manifestations' thus confides to his dear princess the conquest he has made of a bar maid at Bangor.

I had read thus far when the little Eliza appeared with my breakfast, and with an arch good-nature bid me good morning 'after my long sleep.' She had just been to church, had all the consciousness of being well-dressed, and was waiting upon a foreigner; three things which greatly incline women to be tender-hearted. She accordingly seemed almost embarrassed when I inquired about my departure early the following morning. . . . After dinner I went, under her guidance, to visit the walks about the town. One of these is most romantically placed on a large rock. We saw from hence Snowdon, in almost transparent clearness, undimmed by a single cloud. . . . After this pastoral walk, tender mutton closed the day.

Who is not inclined to exclaim with the Welsh, according to his highness's version, 'Eich dyn! This is your man!'

Skipping some more blasphemies, we find ourselves at Kennel Park, the seat of Colonel Hughes.

'Towards evening,' says his highness, 'I arrived at the house of my worthy colonel—a true Englishman in the best sense of word, (from being a Welshman, we presume.)' He and his amiable family received me in the friendliest manner. Country-gentlemen, of his class, who are in easy circumstances, (with us they would be thought rich), and fill a respectable station in society; who are not eager and anxious pursuers of fashion in London, but seek to win the affection of their neighbors and tenants; whose hospitality is not mere ostentation; whose manners are neither "exclusive" nor outlandish, but who had their dignity in domestic life polished by education and adorned by affluence, and in the observance of the strictest integrity; such form the most truly respectable class of Englishmen. In the great world of London, indeed, they play an obscure part; but, on the wide stage of humanity, one of the most noble and elevated that can be allotted to man. Unfortunately, however, the predominance and arrogance of the English aristocracy is so great, and that of fashion yet so much more absolute and tyrannous, that such families, if my tribute of praise and admiration were ever to fall under their eye, would probably feel less flattered by it, than they would be if I enumerated them among the leaders of the 'ton.'—pp. 137, 138.

Little did his highness think that a few short months only would elapse before the brow of his 'worthy colonel, filling a respectable station in society,' would be encircled with a baronial coronet; little did he imagine that his 'country gentleman,' who 'I loved an obscure part' in London, was so soon to be converted into one of the 'leaders of ton,' from amongst whom he had so flatteringly excluded him; little did he think that his hospitable friend was destined so soon to adorn the British peerage as Lord Dinorben.

On the 5th of August he walked, while all the rest of the family were yet in bed, 'with the charming little Fanny, the youngest daughter of the house, who is not yet out.'—'She took me,' says his highness, 'round the park and garden, and showed me her dairy and aviary.' His highness then describes the dairy, which, we presume, from a laudable desire of the 'worthy colonel' to bring the article into fashion, is surrounded with lumps of copper, forming 'a gorgeous bed for rare and curious plants.' His highness enumerates the comforts of the colonel's cocks and hens, and the ducks and the pigeons—he feels at the sight thereof a kind of 'pastoral sensibility' come over him, and 'turns homewards to get rid of his fit of romance before breakfast.'—'Miss Fanny,' he adds, 'exclaimed with true English pathos,

"We do but rove."

"And we are steeled by fate."

'Yes, indeed, thought I,' says the prince, 'the little philosopher is right—things always turn out differently from what one intends, even in such small events as these.' What 'the little philosopher' meant by her pathetic exclamation, we cannot, of course, divine; nor what his highness alludes to as an *erent*; but the story, as his highness has here printed and published it, may serve as a caution to Lord Dinorben how he suffers the familiar visits of princes, and subjects himself to the jokes of such illustrious personages as feel themselves privileged, in return for the honour they

confer upon him by their presence, to laugh at his 'want of ton,' and ridicule the kindness which 'people of this class' are apt to bestow.

His highness proceeds to call on Lady Morgan, who receives him with much grace and urbanity.

'I was very eager (says the distinguished stranger) to make the acquaintance of a woman whom I rate so highly as an authoress. I found her, however, very different from what I had pictured her to myself. She is a little, frivolous, lively woman, apparently between thirty and forty, neither pretty nor ugly, but by no means disposed to resign all claim to the former, and with really fine and expressive eyes. She has no idea of "mauvaise honte" or embarrassment; her manners are not the most refined, and affect the "aisance" and levity of the fashionable world, which, however, do not sit calmly or naturally upon her. She has the English weakness, that of talking incessantly of fashionable acquaintances, and, trying to pass for very "riche," to a degree quite unworthy of a woman of such distinguished talents; she is not at all aware how she thus underrates herself.

'She is not difficult to know, for, with more vivacity than good taste, she instantly professes perfect openness, and especially sets forth on every occasion her liberalism and her infidelity; the latter of the somewhat obsolete school of Helvetius and Condillac. In her writings she is far more guarded and dignified than in her conversation. The satire of the latter is however, not less biting and dexterous than that of her pen, and just as little remarkable for a conscientious regard to truth.'

Now is this fair,—is this gallant,—is it princely,—is it gentlemanlike?—hunted, followed worshipped and besought as his highness was by Lady Morgan; dogged, baited, ferreted out, and feted as he had been, was it to be expected that he would denounce his kind hostess as frivolous, affected, a liberal and an infidel?—(and he, too, of all men in the world)—with more vivacity than taste, and no regard for truth!—and worst of all, 'neither pretty nor ugly!'

He does, indeed, slyly drop one lump of sugar into his bowl of gall, and thinking he knows her ladyship's mind to a nicety, no doubt believes that the one sweet drop will 'property the whole.' 'She is apparently between thirty and forty.' Miss Owenson, however, was an established authoress six and twenty years ago; and if any lady, player's daughter or not, knew what she knew when she wrote and published her first novel, at eight or nine years of age, (which Miss Owenson must have been at that time, according to the prince's calculation,) she was undoubtedly such a juvenile prodigy as would be quite worthy to make a 'case' for the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and as fit to fill a show-wagon at Bartholomew Fair, as her ladyship's namesake who was born with double joints, and could lift a sack of corn with her teeth when she was only six years old.

With reference to his highness's horsemanship we leave the following exploit of the succeeding morning to the consideration of the reader.

'About a mile and a half further on, the path suddenly ends in a ha-ha, over which my horse utterly refused to leap. As the wall was on my side, and the turf below very soft, I hit upon a new expedient; I tied my handkerchief over the eyes of the refractory beast, and pushed him down backwards over the wall. He was very little frightened, and not at all hurt by the fall, as I had expected, and grazed peacefully blindfold till I rejoined him. This manoeuvre saved me at least five miles.' (No doubt German miles.)

We presume this experiment was performed upon a friend's horse. In the execution, however, of his 'new expedient,' he had, it appears, dropped his purse, and we give the account of its restoration to its owner in his highness's own words, in order to show the opinion his highness entertains of the numerous fools who were civil enough to make 'feasts for him' while he was in this country.

'Scarcely had I seated myself at table, (et Avoca,) when I was told that some one wished to speak to me. A young man, whom I had never seen, was shown in, and presented to me a pocket-book, which to my no small astonishment, I recognized as my own; containing, besides other important papers which I always carry about me!! all the money I had taken for my journey. I had, Lord knows how, dropped it out of my breast-pocket; and had, therefore, no such reason to congratulate myself on so honourable and obliging a finder. In England I should hardly have had the good fortune to see my pocket-book again, even if a "gentleman" had found it; he would probably have let it lie in peace—or kept it.'

Whatever we might have been inclined to do by his pocket-book, we may, on this particular occasion, allow his highness's tour-book to 'lie in peace.'—He proceeds to exhibit his his intimate knowledge of the 'insular life.' And we are carried to Donnybrook fair. A description of the bestialities of that festival is given, which concludes with an account of a flirtation, to call it by the gentlest name, between a pair of lovers 'excessively drunk,'—the whole of which is introduced merely to usher in this remark:—'My reverence for truth compels me to add, that the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived.' We hope the Lady James and Lady Marys, who waltzed and galloped with this 'thoroughly illustrious' prince—their fathers, whose wine he drank—and their brothers, whose horses he rode—will not forget this passage, in case his 'noble and prepossessing aspect, should again chance to enlighten our "insular gloom.'

An illumination!—The Courier has this notice:—The Metropolis was last night enveloped in the most dense fog remembered for many years. Linkboys were engaged busily during the night in pointing out the illuminations with which the Queen's birthday was celebrated by her Majesty's tradesmen—and it sounded singularly enough, to hear a fellow holding up his links, exclaiming, "Here's an illumination!"

A new literary Annual, entitled the *Aurora Borealis*, to be conducted by Members of the Society of Friends, is announced at Newcastle. The prospectus speaks, with proper exultation, of the progress of literary taste, and the increase of literary talent among the youth of that Society.

Bryant's Poems are said to be republishing by Murray, London, under the immediate auspices of Washington Irving. The *Adventures of Barney Mahoney*, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq., are advertised to be forthcoming, and must be entertaining.

Longevity.—There is now living, at Hale, a widow who has just entered her 103d year, and is in possession of all her faculties.

A few days ago, the widow Bagot died near Kiltormer, in the county Galway, at the extraordinary age of 120 years, in the full possession of all her faculties. She retained, to her last moments, a wonderful taste for music, and a powerful remembrance of ancient Irish songs. On the day previous to her death, she sung several beautiful airs for her great-grand-child, with a clear and firm voice.—*North. Whig.*

African Colony.—Great numbers of young persons are presenting themselves in France, to join the colony to be founded at Algiers. 150 cavaliers have embarked at Toulon, to lay the foundation of the Numidian chateaux.

Seditious notices.—Placards were torn down in Toulon, on the 19th Feb. with these lines:—"Croyez vous que Louis Philippe regnera? Non—Les sours plout devoreraient les chats."

[Do you think Louis Philippe will reign? No—Scorpions will the mice devour the cats.]

A duel was fought on the 26th Feb. near Paris, between the Count Leon, a natural son of Napoleon, and Mr. Hesse, an Englishman, and Aid-de-Camp of the Duke of Wellington, in which the latter was killed.

THE CAPITOL OF THE U. S.—"The whole amount of money expended on the public buildings at Washington, up to 1830, is stated to be \$3,228,879. Of this the Capitol alone has cost \$2,432,844. Upwards of a million, however, of this expenditure, has been met by donations of money from Virginia and Maryland, and sale of lots, in the city of Washington, ceded to the United States by individuals at the time of establishing the seat of Government; and another million, it is estimated, will in like manner be provided for by the disposal of the remaining lots belonging to the government."

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 7th, Thomas B. Mabee, to Miss Janet D. Gosman, daughter of James Gosman, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

On the 5th, James Woolsey of this city, to Miss Amanda Morrow of Philadelphia.

On the 5th, Joseph T. Petty, to Miss Maria Delamarter.

On the 3d, Simon Ryder, merchant of this city, to Miss Ann Eliza Peur.

On the 4th, John L. Moore, to Miss Martha Burtis, daughter of James Aunry, Esq.

On the 30th, Isaac Campbell, of N.H. to Miss Dorcas Greenland.

At Fletcher, Rev. Loring D. Bladell, of Cambridge, to Miss Fanny Scott.

At Pittsburgh, Daniel W. Bromley, merchant, to Miss Mary Brickerhoff Cady, eldest daughter of the Hon. Heman Cady.

At Boston, Henry Holman, Esq. to Miss Maria A. Putnam.

At Newburyport, Stephen Bartlett, of Eastport to Miss Mary Plumer.

At Plattsburgh, Benjamin Webster, to Miss Rebecca Currier.

At Greenland, N.H. Capt. Robert Henderson, to Miss Abigail Berry.

At Newington, John Kingman, Esq. of Madbury, to Miss Mary P. Bart, of Durham.

At Tunbridge, N.H. Lt. Wm. S. Hersey, to Miss Diantha Chapman.

At Harrisburg, Pa. Daniel Barnes, to Miss Margaret Ann Richardson.

At Wilmington, N.C. Alexander McRae, Esq. to Miss Ann Jane Martin.

At Edgemoor co. N.C. R. Bonn, merchant of Nash, to Miss Mary Bryan.

At Brunswick co. Dr. Wm. P. Hart, to Miss Ann G. Moore.

DIED,

In this city, on the 5th inst. William Mead, aged 56 years.

On the 4th, Thomas Bennett, Branch Pilot, aged 62 years.

On the 4th, Richard Joseph Tait, M.D. of St. Croix, aged 35.

On the 4th, Rufus G. Haight, aged 32.

On the 4th, Mrs. Jane Hill, aged 41, wife of Lawrence Hill, formerly of Alexandria, D.C.

On the 3d, Louisa M. Sherman, daughter of the Hon. Alpheus Sherman.

On the 29th, Mrs. Anna Depeyster, relict of the late J. W. Depeyster.

On the 29th, Mrs. Elizabeth Sneden, wife of Robert Sneden, aged 65.

On the 9th, Wm. Burgess, bookseller, aged 29.

On the 11th, Harriet, wife of Richard Wade, of 353 Greenwich street.

At Brooklyn, Mrs. Catherine Nicholson, wife of John C. Nicholson, aged 30.

At Schenectady, Nelson A. Hinman, son of the Hon. A. Hinman, of Pike, Allegany co.

At New Brunswick, N.J. James Chapman, a soldier of the revolution, aged 72.

At Stratham, Mass. Daniel Jewell, Esq. aged 88, an officer of the revolution.

At Henniker, N. H. Mrs. Susannah Morrill, wife of Ephraim Morrill, and mother of Elisha Morrill, Esq. of this city.

At Randolph, Gen. Joseph Edson.

At Bath, Mrs. Hannah Payson, widow of the late Hon. Moses P. Payson.

At Philadelphia, Allen Armstrong, Esq. late President of the Mechanics' Bank of that city, aged 48.

At Newbern, N.C. William Gaskins, ship builder, aged 25 years.

At Washington, N.C. Jesse B. Bryan, Esq. aged 41.

In Cumberland co. Mrs. McAllister, wife of John McAllister, Esq.

In Twigg co. John Shine, a soldier of the revolution, aged 73.

At Montreal, L. C. Mrs. Sarah Wallace, a native of this city, aged 72.

In Peru S. America, Wm. P. Livingston, son of the late Philip H. Livingston, of this city.

SATIN BEAVER

HAT MANUFACTORY AND STORES.

THOMAS SIMMS gives notice to his former patrons, and to wholesale dealers generally, that he has, in connexion with his manufacturing establishment, 61 Canal street, opened a wholesale store at 131 Water street, where he will constantly keep on hand large supplies of the beautiful satin beaver hats—together with an excellent stock of rorom and other kinds suited to the various markets.

Dealers in the above articles are respectfully invited to call and examine the assortment previous to making their selections.

Single hats of the satin beaver and all kinds, can be obtained at the store in Canal street at the most reasonable prices; and for the accommodation of his customers residing in the lower part of the city, T. S. will furnish them with single satin beavers, at the wholesale store, 131 Water street. April 14.

VALUABLE MEDICINES.

CONSUMPTIONS.—Essence of Iceland Moss is a safe, mild, and efficient remedy for that frequent and cruel disease.

The *Peper and Ague Remedy* is a vegetable mixture of a simple and innocent kind, and is warranted to give relief in all cases. For sale by PATRICK DICKIE, 413 Broadway, corner of Lispenard street. April 24.



POTTER'S CATHOLICON.

Purely Vegetable.

THIS medicine has for these seven years past been held in high estimation by the medical faculty, and obtained a reputation which its efficacy alone has supported.

The flattering testimony which has already been adduced; it having been used in almost every public institution in the United States—and its employment by gentlemen of high medical attainments, in cases where the ordinary prescriptions had failed, form irresistible proof of its great value.

The diseases in which this medicine has been most conspicuously useful are,

Diseases of the liver, ulcerated sore throat, d. Bility resulting from intemperance and dissipation, scrofula or king's evil, old and inveterate ulcers, pains in the bones, rheumatism, dyspepsia or indigestion, diseases of the lungs, syphilis, blotches on the face and skin, white swelling of the joints, tetter, mercurial diseases, piles, &c. &c. Price, two dollars per bottle.

POTTER'S EYE-WATER.

Extensive experience enables me to recommend the above remedy, which if properly used will not fail to cure the most inveterate ophthalmia, either symptomatic or idiopathic.

No mineral substance whatever enters into its composition, and hence it is decidedly preferable to the remedies which are usually employed, which chiefly consist of copper, lead, zinc, &c. and are calculated to produce a recurrence of more formidable complaints.

Certificates of cures can be had of his agent. Sold wholesale and retail, at the proprietor's lowest prices, by RICHMOND & ASPINWALL, Druggists, April 14, 81 William street.

RELIEF FOR MOTHERS.

THERE are two remedial articles or inventions, promising comfort and ease to mothers and infants, that deserve to be more generally known. The one a breast pump, intended to draw milk from a distended or obstructed breast, is a beautiful substitute for the human mouth, and is well calculated to give relief to the sufferer. The other convenience is intended for mothers, who though able and willing to suckle their infants, are often distressed, and sometimes even prevented from the performance of their natural office by sore nipples, to the inconvenience of both parties. It is so skilfully prepared that the utmost neatness and purity is preserved, while the infant is nourished without distressing its parent. For sale by PATRICK DICKIE, 413 Broadway, near Canal street April 14.

HAT AND CAP WAREHOUSE.

JAMES L. HOWE, 404 Broadway, returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the favours he has received, and takes this opportunity to inform them that he has now on hand a new and splendid assortment of *Hats and Caps*, of the latest fashions, which he will sell on reasonable terms. April 7.

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS.

At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 60 William-st. N. Y. BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here from a foreign market; which, no doubt, the trade will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutch; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, fluted opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the time in use, universal satisfaction. mar. 3. P. BYRNE.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William-st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books, Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED BLACK LEAD PENCIL,

AND

EVER POINT LEAD MANUFACTURER,

AND IMPORTER OF

FANCY ARTICLES,

No. 71 WILLIAM-STREET,

NEW YORK.

CEPHALIC SNUFF,

OF a superior quality, an infallible cure for pain in the head, nervous complaints, drowsiness, &c. Price only sixpence per box. Prepared and sold by R. GRESSWELL, 914 Bowery, near Hester street, New York. April 7.

SYLVESTER. 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N. Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 9 for 1832, drawn March 11—11 37 23 59 40 28 27 32 5. The \$30,000 was actually sold in shares, as also the \$10,000, and the 4,000 was sent to Baltimore, Md. and of course it will be sold by my office in that place. My house at Pittsburgh also did wonders, having sold seven tickets with three drawn numbers.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail must come accompanied by an application, if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn April 18—Class 11, \$20,000, 5,000, &c. and lowest prizes \$6... \$4 April 25—Class 12, \$12,500, 3,000, &c. \$5 May 2—Class 13, a grand mammoth lottery—prizes of 40,000, 10,000, &c. and of the lowest prizes \$12 \$10 May 9—Class 14, known as Sylvester's lottery, from the fact of his always selling the \$10,000 prizes; there are 3 of \$10,000, \$5 May 16—Class 15, \$16,000, 5,000, &c. \$5 Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connexion with any other person in New York.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y. Baltimore, Md. and Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

TO PRINTERS.—A. Fell & Brother, (late William Hagar & Co.) have removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 25 Gold-street, corner of John-street, New York, and have greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great despatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturers' prices—cases, composing sticks, cases, &c. &c.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with those of other Foundries) at six months' credit, or seven and a half per cent. discount for cash.—Six line Pica, and all larger, 28 cts.; Cannon to six line Pica, 30 cts.; Double English to Double Pica, 32 cts.; Great Primer to Double Pica, 34 cts.; English and Pica, 36 cts.; Small Pica, 38 cts.; Long Primer, 40 cts.; Bourgeois, 42 cts.; Brevier, 44 cts.; Minion, 70 cts.; Nonpareil, 90 cts.; Agate, \$1.36; Pearl, \$1.40; and Diamond, 2.60 per lb. All other articles of the Type Foundry in proportion.

A. Fell & Brother cast their book and newspaper Fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co., and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust. The following are the prices at six months' credit.—Medium or Royal, \$250; Super Royal, 340; Imperial, 250; No. 2, 240; No. 3, 220. New York, Feb. 25, 1832.

Printers of papers throughout the U. S. and Canada who will give the above advertisement a few assertions, will be allowed three dollars in the settlement of their accounts, or in articles from the Foundry, provided four times that amount be purchased.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Alton, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert-street, between Washington and Greenwell-streets; at the Yard at Broadway, foot of Adams-st., and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, Coke of superior quality, for smelting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, \$9 50 per chaldron of 35 to 40 (4 and 1 1/2 ton); Pictou Coals, \$8 50 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, \$11 50 per chaldron; do, mixed, \$10 50 per do; do, screenings, \$7 per do; Pictou Coals, \$10 50 per do; and Coke \$11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention.—Loring & Randolph, of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southard, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 115 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN 27 Broad st.

FASHION, BEAUTY AND ECONOMY.

Of all the fashions that adorn our race, The 'Brighton Hat' can boast superior grace.

HATS, it is well known, more strikingly affect the appearance of gentlemen, than any other article of dress. But as fashions are constantly changing, it is of the first importance that the form and shape of every article be exactly adapted to each other. A hat, for instance, of last summer's fashion, with a coat of this spring's, would be little better adapted than tasseled boots with the prevailing pantaloons. In fashionable costume adaptation is every thing—without it "chaos has come again."

In acting upon this principle, the subscriber has succeeded in introducing an entire new fashioned article, called the *Brighton Hat*, adapted to the costume fixed upon for the present spring and coming summer; and he is happy to add, that it gives universal satisfaction to the *beau monde*, while its cheapness places it within the reach of the most economical. The shape and style of the crown, combined with the beautiful curve of the brim, impart an airy, light and graceful appearance in the wearer, which cannot be produced by any other shape now in use. It is well understood that no other shape will be worn at Brighton and other watering places in England and America, during the coming season. Those gentlemen who are about purchasing would do well to examine this improvement before they get supplied for the spring, as these hats are sold only by the subscriber, and can be put at the price of four dollars! Economy and Fashion thus united.

The subscriber takes this occasion to remind his friends and the public, that he has removed from his former stand, (No. 142 Broadway,) to 416 Broadway, corner of Canal-st. where he invites gentlemen to call and examine for themselves. J. D. WILSON, April 7. 416 Broadway, corner of Canal-st.

FINE POCKET-BOOKS.

GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—

(Principally for Booksellers.)

Wholesale and Retail,

By T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,

10 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire good articles for retailing, will find it their interest to call and examine the quality and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at very reasonable prices, worthy the attention of those who desire a neat and good article. Jan. 31.

LITHOGRAPHY AND PAINTING.

BISBEE, 144 Nassau st. will execute from life, in lithography, correct likenesses, from the size of miniature to that of life, and at from ten to fifty dollars. Also, portraits painted in oil colours.

N.B. Likenesses taken from corpses by a quick and correct process of a few moments. N. Y. March 31.

WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has for sale a large assortment of Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr., M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D. and John C. Chesman, M.D. August 6. 1838

FRENCH CHLORINE PHARMACUM.

FOR the cure of gleet and urthritis or gonorrhoea, without the use of internal medicines, in both sexes. It also cleans and heals all foul ulcers, wherever they may be situated, cures salt rheum, and removes all hepetic eruptions from the skin. From late discoveries and experiments, the author considers this Compound of Chlorine the most important improvement in the cure of gonorrhoea that has yet been offered to the public. Its effects in the inflamed membrane of the urethra is to destroy the poison that keeps up the discharge and inflammation. The tedious method of taking various medicines internally for this local disease is unnecessary and vexatious. Simple gonorrhoea, and all the troublesome affections arising from the old method of cure will be removed by the use of this injection in a few days, without a single dose of medicine internally. Directions must at the same time be explicitly adhered to—Sold wholesale and retail by

JAMES H. HART,

pat. 24. Cor Broadway and Chambers st. N. Y.